

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 307.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1852.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 109 NASSAU STREET.

CONTENTS.

TOWN ANNALS—NEW IPSWICH.

MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY ESMOND.

BASIL, A STORY OF MODERN LIFE.

MRS. HALE'S WOMAN'S RECORD.

POEMS BY W. C. BENNETT.

LITERATURE—BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.—The Historical Society Lectures—Art-Union Paintings—Reports of Departments—The Thackeray Lectures—Kimball's Romance of Student Life Abroad—The Children of Light—Mrs. Croeland's Tales—Cap-Sheaf—Chevaliers of France—Print of Columbus—Ricord's Syphilis—Phillips and Sampson's Juveniles—Chambers's Papers for the People, &c.

ODDS AND ENDS BY AN OBSOLETE AUTHOR. IV. Body and Soul, a Tale.

THE PEN AND THE ALBUM, by W. M. Thackeray.

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.—Late Obituaries, Revolutionary and other.—Prof. Felton's Webster and Demosthenes—Thanksgiving paragraphs—Word for Smokers—Benefits of Individuality—Husband and Wife—Geoffrey Crayon incident—A Conjuror's Trick—The Diurnal Plagiarism.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

WHAT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE IS DOING.

SEVERAL CURIOUS LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—We call the attention of publishers and others to the improvements made in our advertising columns. Increased facilities for display have been secured by the use of the first and second pages and by the neatness and proportion in arrangement. No effort will be spared to give this department the utmost effect. In consequence of the increased expense, with the greater condensation of matter, the rates will hereafter be, in due proportion to the change, as follows:

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	Single Inser.	Per Annum.
Half Square (3 lines),	\$ 9 50	
One Square (16 lines),	1 00	\$48 00
Thirty lines,	1 75	72 00
Half Column,	5 25	125 00
One Column,	6 00	240 00
One Page,	15 00	

A GOOD SITUATION for a competent Salesman in a Wholesale and Retail Book store—can be had by addressing Box 979 P. O., Detroit. Salary about \$500 per annum. d11 3t

HELLER'S SALOON OF WONDERS, 539 BROADWAY.

MR. ROBERT HELLER RESPECTFULLY announces that he will make his first appearance before an American audience on MONDAY, December 20th, in an opening entertainment peculiarly novel and attractive, affording amusement and instruction in the mysteries of nature and science. His established European reputation, where he was known as the PRINCE OF WIZARDS, and universally acknowledged as the ONLY LIVING EQUAL TO HOUDIN, the Master of His Art, will enable the public to judge of the excellence of his performances, which will embrace Experiments in Chemical Phenomena, the Mysteries of Electricity, Magnetism, Galvanism, Legerdemain, and Deceptive Machinery, in connection with the development of his astounding faculty of SECOND SIGHT, the elucidation of which has baffled the combined medical and scientific talent of the European continent.

Performances nightly, commencing at 8 o'clock. Admission 50 cents. d13 1f

CREDIBILITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

This day is Published,

ANALYTICAL INVESTIGATIONS

CONCERNING THE

CREDIBILITY

OF

THE SCRIPTURES,

and the Religious System inculcated in them.

By Dr JAMES H. McCULLOCH.

2 vols. 8vo. cloth, \$3 75.

"The author's views are eminently large and philosophical, and the dialectics distinguished by a manly fairness of statement and application. The position of perfect mental independence from which the author speaks, and the absence of sectarian dogmatism in the work, may perhaps narrow the circle of its reception; but no intelligent reader can fail to be struck with the temperate candor of its tone, and the high ability, zeal for truth, and profound research displayed in the treatment of the wide range of subjects it embraces."—*Baltimore American*.

Published by JAMES S. WATERS, Baltimore, and for sale by Messrs. PUTNAM, APPLETON, and STANFORD & SWORDS, New York, and JNO. PENINGTON, J. W. MOORE, DANIELS & SMITH, and A. HART, Philadelphia. d13 2t

VOL. XI. NO. 25.

American History and Geography.

BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA;

A CATALOGUE OF

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

RELATING TO THE HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA AND THE WEST INDIES.

It will comprise nearly 3000 Articles, including a great number quite unknown to American Bibliographers; they have been collected by indefatigable industry during the last few years; and, from the scarcity of this class of Literature, it would perhaps be hopeless to form such a collection. The Publisher therefore, solicits the notice of Librarians of Public Institutions and Collectors in the United States, to its publication, about the First of January next. On receipt of a *post paid* application the Catalogue will be delivered, free of carriage, by D. DAVIDSON, 109 Nassau street, to any address at New York.

London: J. RUSSELL SMITH, Publisher, 36 Soho Square.

Orders from the above Catalogue are solicited by

TRÜBNER & CO., 12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON,

Either direct, or through DAVID DAVIDSON, 109 Nassau street.

d11 1f

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & CO.,

OF 12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON,

Beg to announce that the Hon. East India Company have appointed them, by a special resolution of the Directors, the sole Agents for the Company's Publications in America.

CATALOGUES

are preparing, and when ready, may be had on application to Mr. DAVID DAVIDSON, 109 Nassau street, New York. Messrs. Trübner & Co. keep constantly on hand a large stock of Books in Oriental Literature, published in all parts of the Continent.

Trübner & Co.,

12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.

Sturgeon's Researches in Electricity, &c.	9 00
Lardner's Mechanics, Hydraulics, &c.	3 75
Heat, Electricity, &c.	2 50
Gregory's Organic Chemistry	2 87½
Phillips's Metallurgy	3 75
On Gold Mining, 12mo. plates	75
Landsborough's Zoophytes	3 00
Plattner on the Blow Pipe	3 00
Quekett on the Microscope	5 00
on Histology	1 75
Prescriber's Hand Book	1 50
Purslo on the Government of the Heavens, 12mo.	2 12½
Hamilton's Discussions on Philosophy, &c., 8vo.	5 00
Lepsius's Discoveries in Egypt. Plates	3 50
Latham's Ethnology of Europe, 12mo.	1 50
— Britain, 12mo.	1 50
— The Colonies, 12mo.	1 50
G. C. Lewis on Reasoning in Politics, 2 vols.	6 00
Sterling's Life of Charles V., 8vo.	2 37
Admiralty Manual of Scientific Enquiry, 12mo.	3 00
Cooke's Mind and the Emotions, 12mo.	2 00
Knox's Artistic Anatomy. Woodcuts	2 25
Great Artists and Great Anatomists, 12mo.	1 88
Westwood on the Classification of Insects, 2 vols.	14 00
Insecta Britannica, 8vo.	7 50
Pritchard's Infusorial Animalcules, new ed. 12mo.	
Plates, plain, \$6 00, col'd.	10 75

H. BAILLIERE, PUBLISHER,

290 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Supplement No. 1. to H. B.'s Catalogue will be ready next week. d11

A NEW SCHOOL BOOK FOR EVERY PRACTICAL MAN.

PRACTICAL MATHEMATICS with Drawing and Mensuration applied to the Mechanic Arts. By CHARLES DAVIES, LL. D., author of Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, &c. Price \$1.

This work is designed for every scholar and every young man or mechanic that would understand the principles of Geometry as applied to Architecture, Carpenter and Mason's work, and other mechanical powers, with mensuration of surfaces and solids. Just published, by

A. S. BARNES & CO.,

No. 51 John Street.

A. S. BARNES & Co. are the Publishers of Professor Davies' Course of Mathematics, now so favorably known throughout the United States. New and enlarged editions of Davies' Legendre, Surveying, Elementary Algebra, and First Lessons in Arithmetic, have recently been published. n27 1f

MAGNIFICENT NEW ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY,

No. 17 Spruce street, New York,

Has now in press and will issue first of January, 1853, three of the most superb works of the class which have ever appeared in any country:

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART,

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

Price 25 cts. each.

Every arrangement has been made to produce a work of unparalleled magnificence, regardless of cost. The first literary and artistic talent in America and Europe has been engaged upon its various departments. In addition to highly finished engravings, from the choicest works of the most eminent Painters, it will include a Gallery of Portraits of the most distinguished Men and Women of all countries, with accompanying memoirs, collected from authentic sources; scenes from remarkable passages in history; choice specimens of Architecture and ornamental design; illustrated descriptions of manufacturing processes; objects of curiosity, &c.; forming altogether a work of surpassing beauty and interest.

THE HISTORY OF THE PAINTERS OF ALL NATIONS.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

Price 50 cents each.

The leading feature of this work will be combining specimens of the most celebrated pictures of each great master, with his portrait, and such particulars of his life and works as will be of equal interest to the Student or Professor, and to the public generally.

ALEX. MONTGOMERY, PUBLISHER,

17 Spruce street.

AGENTS WANTED.

d18

Recently Published in 8vo. Price \$3.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LOGIC, from the earliest times to the present day, by Robert Blakey, author of a "History of the Philosophy of Mind," "History of Moral Science," "The Temporal Benefits of Christianity," &c., &c.

"It is probably the most complete sketch ever written on any given subject. * * * Every teacher and student of logic ought to make himself master of its varied and interesting contents."—*London Examiner*.

H. BAILLIERE, No. 290 Broadway

d11

Tom's oracle is often making blunders,' cries Steele.

"Mr. Boxer and my husband were friends once, and when the Captain was ill with the fever no man could be kinder than Mr. Boxer, who used to come to his bedside every day, and actually brought Dr. Arbuthnot, who cured him," whispered Mrs. Steele.

"Indeed, Madam! How very interesting," says Mr. St. John.

"But when the Captain's last comedy came out, Mr. Boxer took no notice of it—you know he is Mr. Congreve's man, and won't ever give a word to the other house—and this made my husband angry."

"O! Mr. Boxer is Mr. Congreve's man!" says Mr. St. John.

"Mr. Congreve has wit enough of his own," cries out Mr. Steele. "No one ever heard me grudge him or any other man his share."

"I hear Mr. Addison is equally famous as a wit and a poet," says Mr. St. John. "Is it true that his hand is to be found in your Tattler, Mr. Steele?"

"Whether 'tis the sublime or the humorous, no man can come near him," cries Steele.

"A fig, Dick, for your Mr. Addison!" cries out his lady; "a gentleman who gives himself such airs and holds his head so high, now. I hope your lordship thinks as I do; I can't bear those very fair men with white eyelashes—a black man for me. (All the black men at table applauded, and made Mrs. Steele a bow for this compliment.) As for this Mr. Addison," she went on, "he comes to dine with the Captain sometimes, never says a word to me, and then they walk up-stairs, both tipsy, to a dish of tea. I remember your Mr. Addison when he had but one coat to his back, and that with a patch at the elbow."

"Indeed—a patch at the elbow! You interest me," says Mr. St. John. "'Tis charming to hear of one man of letters from the charming wife of another."

"Law! I could tell you ever so much about 'em," continues the voluble lady. "What do you think the Captain has got now?—a little hunchback fellow—a little hop-o'-my-thumb creature that he calls a poet—a little popish brat?"

"Hush, there are two in the room," whispers her companion.

"Well, I call him popish because his name is Pope," says the lady. "'Tis only my joking way. And this little dwarf of a fellow has wrote a pastoral poem—all about shepherds and shepherdesses, you know."

"A shepherd should have a little crook," says my mistress, laughing from her end of the table: on which Mrs. Steele said, "she did not know, but the Captain brought home this queer little creature when she was in bed with her first boy, and it was a mercy he had come no sooner; and Dick raved about his *genus*, and was always raving about some nonsense or other."

"Which of the Tattlers do you prefer, Mrs. Steele?" asked Mr. St. John.

"I never read but one, and think it's all a pack of rubbish, sir," says the lady. "Such stuff about Bickerstaffe, and Distaff, and Quarterstaff, as it all is. There's the Captain going on still with the Burgundy—I know he'll be tipsy before he stops—Captain Steele!"

"I drink to your eyes, my dear," says the Captain, who seemed to think his wife charming, and to receive as genuine all the satiric compliments which Mr. St. John paid her."

Having made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Steele in society, the reader would perhaps like to hear how they get along in private:—

AN "AT HOME."

"Harry had ridden away from Hampton that very morning, leaving the couple by the ears;

for, from the chamber where he lay, in a bed that was none of the cleanest, and kept awake by the company which he had in his own bed, and the quarrel which was going on in the next room, he could hear both night and morning the curtain lecture which Mrs. Steele was in the habit of administering to poor Dick.

"At night it did not matter so much for the culprit; Dick was fuddled, and when in that way no scolding could interrupt his benevolence. Mr. Esmond could hear him coaxing and speaking in that maudlin manner which punch and claret produce, to his beloved Prue, and beseeching her to remember that there was a *distressed officer in the rear room*, who would overhear her. She went on, nevertheless, calling him a drunken wretch, and was only interrupted in her harangues by the Captain's snoring.

"In the morning, the unhappy victim awoke to a headache and consciousness, and the dialogue of the night was resumed. 'Why do you bring captains home to dinner when there's not a guinea in the house? How am I to give dinners when you leave me without a shilling? How am I to go trapesing to Kensington in my yellow satin sack before all the fine company? I've nothing fit to put on; I never have;' and so the dispute went on—Mr. Esmond interrupting the talk when it seemed to be growing too intimate by blowing his nose as loudly as ever he could, at the sound of which trumpet there came a lull."

Mr. Esmond's nasal monition and the lull which succeeds it, is a touch of humor worthy of Fielding.

Mr. Addison is as well treated in the book as in the lecture. We have him in his modest lodgings, before he married a widow and Holland House:—

MR. ADDISON.

"Quitting the guard-table on one sunny afternoon, when by chance Dick had a sober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm, and ran after a gentleman, who was poring over a folio volume at the bookshop near to St. James's church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-colored suit, with a plain sword, very sober and almost shabby in appearance—at least, when compared with Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The Captain rushed up, then, to the student of the bookstall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him—for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends—but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

"My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?" cries the Captain, still holding both his friend's hands; "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other, very good-humoredly. (He had light blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue.) "And I have been hiding myself—where do you think?"

"What! not across the water, my dear Joe?" says Steele, with a look of great alarm: "thou knowest I have always—"

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile: "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you—at my own lodgings, whither I am going to smoke a pipe now and drink a glass of sack: will your honor come?"

* * * * *

"Mr. Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited

the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Hay-market, whither we accordingly went.

"I shall get credit with my landlady," says he, with a smile, "when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair." And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings. "My wine is better than my meat," says Mr. Addison: "my Lord Halifax sent me the Burgundy." And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and eat his simple dinner in a very few minutes; after which the three fell to, and began to drink. "You see," says Mr. Addison pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I, too, am busy about your affairs, Captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

"So Esmond at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table *aliquo mero*, and with the aid of some bits of tobacco-pipe, showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

"A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table beside our bottles and glasses, and Dick having plentifully refreshed himself from the latter, took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of applause.

"Esmond smiled at the enthusiasm of Addison's friend. 'You are like the German Burghers,' said he, 'and the Princes on the Moselle; when our army came to a halt, they always sent a deputation to compliment the chief, and fired a salute with all their artillery from their walls.'

"And drunk the great chief's health afterward, did not they?" says Captain Steele, gayly filling up a bumper;—he never was tardy at that sort of acknowledgment of a friend's merit.

"And the Duke, since you will have me act his Grace's part," says Mr. Addison, with a smile and something of a blush, "pledged his friends in return. Most serene Elector of Covent Garden, I drink to your Highness's health," and he filled himself a glass. Joseph required scarce more pressing than Dick to that sort of amusement; but the wine never seemed at all to fluster Mr. Addison's brains; it only unloosed his tongue, whereas Captain Steele's head and speech were quite overcome by a single bottle."

These comprise the whole of our parallel passages. We trust Mr. Thackeray will some day give us an opportunity of renewing them by a double re-appearance in the lecture-room and the library. He is always sure of a favorable verdict, whatever be the alias under which he chooses to present himself at the bar of public opinion.

BASIL.*

On the publication of Mr. Collins's first novel, Antonina, we had the pleasure of expressing ourselves in warm terms in its commendation. The first impression on taking up Basil is one of astonishment at the striking contrast it presents to the previous work in every respect but that of excellence. Not only is the scene laid in modern times instead of a remote and gorgeous period, but localities and persons are selected as actors as

* Basil, a Story of Modern Life, by W. Wilkie Collins D. Appleton & Co.

if the design were to have to do with as plain and commonplace a set of people as possible. The hero is of high and noble birth, lives in summer in a fine old country house, and in winter, or such part as it is fashionable to be in it, in a city mansion which people come to see when the family are out of town; but we have none of the usual descriptions of high life and refined society. Instead of love-making in picture gallery or leafy avenue, the hero commences that important portion of his career in an omnibus. There is a defence of this last incident in the preface, the author stoutly asserting that his object was not to portray romance but life, and that such things had, did, and would happen in these democratic conveyances.

He not only falls in love in the omnibus, but does so so completely and desperately that he follows the pretty girl who has caught his eye and his fancy to her home, forces the servant girl to let him in the next morning, and in a day or two is engaged to be married, a rapidity which will satisfy the most earnest advocates for celerity and dispatch in that important transaction.

His father's pride and his own cowardly fear of it induce him to stipulate that the marriage shall be secret; and it is from this marriage, begun in haste and continued in deceit, that the tragic interest of the book arises.

The story of Basil is a dark and melancholy one. The hero tells his own story and it is one of great power, though rather we think in morbid anatomy than the healthy development of character. The *dramatis personæ*, with one or two exceptions, are all repulsive. The heroine, a beautiful girl, is a painful compound of deceit and weakness, the seeming friend is the secret foe, the father repels us by his stern pride, and the father-in-law by his low vulgarity. The story, however, works out as honestly as sternly a sound moral, and the reader who is dissatisfied with its conclusion will be one hard to please.

WOMAN'S RECORD.*

A BIG book, said an ancient sage, was a great evil, but this, though a huge double-column volume of some thousand royal octavo pages, can hardly be said to be a big book within the meaning of the critical statute. It is rather a congeries or heap of very small books, and complaint might as well be made of the numerous words of a dictionary as of a multitudinous collection of the distinguished women of all ages, "from the beginning to the year 1850." It is a serious enterprise, and would be doubly responsible by a masculine pen, but a woman tells the story, and the lion is his own painter. The title is somewhat ambitious. The book might be more sensibly named "Brief biographical notices of distinguished women." For, abounding as it does in many a memorial of devotion, heroism, and intellectual worth, it is after all, but an inadequate "woman's record." The true record of woman, in so far as such is to be found on earth, is not in the history of literature or of the few female rulers, but in the refinements and amenities of our progressive civilization—for modern civilization dates from the elevation of woman,—and how little of this social amelioration is

due to the part borne in public by women! Still it is a chronicle for something more than curiosity—it is a fine historic study to trace the career of woman as she has risen to eminence before the world. The materials for this are indicated in Mrs. Hale's brief compilations from the various biographical dictionaries and other sources enumerated on a closing page. It is by far the most comprehensive book of the kind, we believe, ever made. From a rough estimate of the index there appear to be two thousand personages of whom some account is given. To test its completeness, at random we looked for some half a dozen names, somewhat out of the way, and readily found, Olympia Morata the fine Italian lady, scholar, and afterwards heroic German wife; the gallant Aphra Behn of Charles II.'s time; the Welsh notabilities, the ladies Ponsonby; the poetic Countess of Winchelsea; Anne Clifford the Countess of Pembroke; but we do not find that other Countess of Pembroke, Mary Sidney, the sister of Sir Philip and translator of the Psalms. The book has undoubtedly a very wide range, and is suitable for a book of reference to the most miscellaneous reading, and a volume, if rightly used, suggestive of much more extensive study. It would be well worth interleaving ladies' writing-table copies for the insertion of additional memoranda, personal views of character, and the extract of an additional poem or passage of prose. We confess we have not read Mrs. Hale's "general preface." A glance at some of its sentences deterred us. We are willing to accept the work at once for its own obvious value, as a compilation of widely scattered, and, for the present day, of much original material. The notices of living writers are numerous and copious.

The woodcuts, with the beautiful typography, are a most agreeable aid to the volume. They are more than two hundred in number, very well selected and effectively engraved.

POEMS BY W. C. BENNETT.

A NEAT volume from London, with the imprint of Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The verses may be described as occasional, and it may be edifying for the reader to compare these "occasional" verses of the present day with such as bore the title a century or so ago, when "the mob of gentlemen wrote with ease." Album poets were then content to celebrate ladies' eyes, with a few notes of conventional gallantry; now they write about seamstresses, the earnestness of life, and a sketch of the gallows. Mr. Bennett gives us a picture of an execution, for instance, in the Barry Cornwall style, with other passages in the Leigh Huntish vein, to whom he handsomely dedicates this sonnet:

TO LEIGH HUNT.

"How sumless is the debt to him we owe,
Little, perchance, unto ourselves is known;
Little, perchance, how thickly he hath sown
Our paths through time with pleasantness, we know;
His genial nature hath not pulsed below
The loving teachings of his works alone;
A thousand deeds of good in others, own
His thoughts and words their angel prompters; so,
Unrecognized, before our very eyes
His gentleness and that of others lives,
And many a kindly look and tone we prize,
And many a smile that to our firesides gives
The charm the most endearing them, have caught
Their power to bless us, from his gentle thought."

There are two little poems, the Seasons, and the Song of Death, which might be quoted for picturesque and lyrical power, and several of the scenes from A Painter's Studio are graphic sketches.

LITERATURE—BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY commenced its promised course of lectures on Thursday of last week with an introductory by Mr. Bancroft. The large Metropolitan Hall was not filled, but the attendance was liberal. Mr. B. spoke without notes, taking for his topics the relations of Art to our society and particularly what should be expected from the city of New York in the way of public statues. This led to a series of cleanly cut historical portraits of Chatham (who once had a statue), Edmund Burke the agent of the Colony, Franklin, Washington. The last, Mr. B. took occasion to say, had not been represented, as he should have been, as a man of vital energy and passion. Some of his stronger qualities had been suppressed under the epithet of the American Fabius, but if, said he, a Fabius, he was a most unwilling one. Several pointed anecdotes were given in illustration. Generally the tone of this oration was highly finished, particularly in one or two episodes, as the passage on New York, and what was said on the sublime action of Death in extinguishing the memory of evil and perpetuating virtue.

The sale of the Paintings and Works of Art of the American Art-Union, the distribution of which by lot was prevented by the decisions of the highest Courts, is announced for this week at the rooms in Broadway—we trust with a fair return to the Institution. We shall next week notice the results. Not only the paintings advertised for 1851 are to be sold, but a number of others, of the first value, purchased prospectively on a calculation of the estimated receipts after those of previous years. The entire gallery was a choice representation of the present capabilities of American art in every department. Mr. Bancroft has suggested the desirableness of a permanent gallery in this city for the collection, as this has been for the distribution of paintings. The plan speaks for itself, but by whom is it to be carried out? We trust to see as well as hear something more of this matter. The Reed gallery is a nucleus, there is Mr. Nye's collection of the "old masters" in reserve; Mr. Leutze's great painting of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" could doubtless be purchased by a popular subscription, and Mr. Bryan, it has been stated, has collected his noble gallery, now on exhibition, with reference to some such worthy public object.

The Reports of Departments accompanying the President's Message are this year of more than usual interest. First among them we may rank the special report on the census by the superintendent, Joseph C. G. Kennedy. It is a statement of the results of vital statistics, not merely of numbers, but of the various constituents of material civilization, land and its culture and products, health and its relations, animal life, &c.—a series of authentic figures which well supports the allusion by President Fillmore to "this unparalleled growth in population, intelligence, and wealth." It is a paper to be studied by the world, but whether studied or not, its promise of the future cannot be mistaken. The Navy

* Woman's Record; or, Sketches of all Distinguished Women from "the Beginning" till A.D. 1850, arranged in four eras, with selections from female writers of every age, by Sarah Josepha Hale, &c., &c. Harpers.

consisted of furious and long-continued whirling and dances, exceeding in this respect anything in the annals of savage war-dances; they were performed with half naked bodies, and attended with singing, shouting and shrieking which could be heard for miles; and, in short, they resembled drunken bacchanals or raving wild beasts rather than rational beings. A stick, which had been used for thumping time at these dances, was for thirty years preserved on the beams of the house of Capt. Bailey, occupied at that time by the Kinneys. Some, if not all of them, believed in witchcraft and in their ability to perform miracles. Many amusing stories are told, illustrative of the reluctance of the mind to yield to the dictates of reason under such delusions. On one occasion a man had a paralyzed arm, and one of the miracle-workers told him that before the sun rose again, his arm should be well. On the following morning, when the day was considerably advanced, his wife, finding him still in bed, inquired why he did not rise. He replied that it was not time—that the sun was not yet risen. On being assured that he was mistaken, and that it was some hours high, he declared it to be impossible, because his arm was not yet well. On another occasion, one of them visited a relative, and told him that he had been commissioned by the Lord to convert him and Mr. Gibbs and Col. Heald, that very day, and he had then come for that very purpose. To which the relative replied: the Lord knows that Mr. Gibbs has been gone to Boston for a week, and will not be back for a week to come; and how could he send you here, to convert him to-day. The Shaker replied, if that is the case, I will go home again. Notwithstanding this palpable refutation of his pretensions, he clung none the less to his delusion.

"After a year or two, most of the Shakers removed to Harvard, and joined the Shaker community in that place. Mr. Whittemore, after remaining a few years, and sacrificing all his property, came back, and was supported by his son. His daughter Sarah, though quite young, was so confidently regarded by him as possessed of supernatural powers, exerted upon his cattle and other subjects, that when she died she was placed in a box of rough boards, and denied the common rites of burial.

"There were several other dames who enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being witches. One of them especially, with her high cap, bible and yardstick, which she usually carried with her, and which were regarded as her talismen, was looked upon with superstitious awe, not only by the youth of the neighborhood, but by some of the most pious and venerable men and women too. It was gravely asserted by a most excellent deacon, that on attacking a cat in his barn, with a pitchfork, it was suddenly transformed into a human hand; and another worthy man asserted that a cat came into the sawmill and placed her paw on the saw while in motion, and instantly stopped it. But with the exception of such unaccountable freaks of cats and oxen, and some extra kinks in pigs' tails, we cannot learn that there was any foundation for the wonderful powers ascribed to the supposed witches."

"Notwithstanding this palpable refutation of his pretensions, he clung none the less to his delusion!" Could Locke or Voltaire write a deeper satire on the human mind than our historian of New Ipswich!

Machaon and Podalirius, sons of Æsculapius and grandchildren of Apollo, were medical attendants at the siege of Troy, and according to an eminent authority, the ingenious Mr. Tooke, in his Pantheon, did much during those trying years to relieve the cause of suffering humanity. They were regular practitioners. The people of New Ipswich have had their M.D.'s, Brown, Gallup, and

Jones; but the longest paragraph of this section of our octavo is given to one who never graduated at Dartmouth:—

THE DOCTOR OF IPSWICH.

"We must not omit, in the list of medical practitioners, Dr. STILLMAN GIBSON, whose business and fame has probably extended beyond that of either of those above-mentioned. Though not enjoying the advantages of a medical education, with good natural abilities, good common sense, and careful observation and self-reliance, he has attained no mean degree of skill. In early life he gave some attention to the diseases of horses and cattle, in which he was regarded as peculiarly skilful. He then devised plasters and herb-drinks, which gained such repute that he was at last compelled to devote his whole time to the demands of this kind made upon him. Since then he has been flooded with patients from all quarters and all distances, and has often been called far away by those whom his fame has reached. In dyspeptic and nervous affections and in cases of general debility, he has had the faculty of inspiring a confidence which few of higher rank would have succeeded in obtaining, and which has revived the spirits and led to those exertions which have resulted in great benefit. Unlike most so-called irregular practitioners, who are usually ready to treat any case, whether understood or not, provided it will pay, he has ever declined treating diseases which he was conscious he did not understand, without frankly declaring it. He has always been hospitable to the stranger, kind and benevolent to all, moderate and considerate in his charges, never taking advantage of the necessities of those who consulted him; and while he might have amassed a large fortune, is still a man of moderate means."

Is this man a greater object of envy or admiration to the "regularly documented" M.D.'s from Dartmouth?

Is not a paragraph due in the Literary World to

THE FIRST PRINTER OF IPSWICH.

"About the year 1817, Salmon Wilder removed to this town from Leominster, with a Printing apparatus of the rudest kind even for those days. He did such jobs in the way of printing notices for Vendues, Strayed or Stolen, Farm for sale, Executor's Notices, &c., as were usually found posted in country taverns and stores. He also printed little Toy-books, illustrated with curious cuts executed in type metal in a very questionable style of art, such as is exhibited in the cuts to the old Catechism. Beyond the printing of Ebenezer Fletcher's Narrative, or an occasional Address he did not aspire. He executed all the printing demanded by the town and vicinity for many years. Since his time the printing business has been carried on by Mark Miller, King & Hewes.

"It is not probably known by many of the inhabitants, however, that a printing establishment once existed over the mountain, near the Rindge line, owned and conducted by Simeon Ide. We have gathered some particulars of his life, which we should be glad to give more fully than we propose, as a specimen of the enterprize and perseverance of many New England youth in overcoming difficulties. He was apprenticed to Farnsworth & Churchill, publishers of the 'Vermont Republican,' at Windsor. Having bought his time of his father, he found himself in possession of about \$500, at the age of 22. With this he purchased of Munroe & Francis a small two-pull Ramage press, and a font of bourgeois type which had already been pretty well worn on an edition of Shakspeare. This he placed in the blacksmith shop on his father's farm, and undertook to print an edition of the New Testament in duodecimo form. By the assistance of a sister about twelve years old, in

setting type, it was accomplished in about six months. That this his first publication might be as free from errors as possible, he engaged the Rev. Dr. Payson of Rindge to read the proof-sheets. As there was only type enough to set twelve pages at a time, he walked to his house, a distance of four miles, twice a week, to read proofs with him; and to give greater currency to the edition, he prevailed on Dr. Payson to allow him to insert on the title-page 'Revised and corrected by Rev. S. Payson, D.D.' Some of the Doctor's friends having got the impression that he had been making a new translation of the Testament, it gave him no little uneasiness. To relieve him of this, Mr. Ide printed the words 'First New Ipswich Edition,' and pasted the strip over the obnoxious line. An edition of 5000 was worked off, and 1000 copies, in full binding, were sold to the New Hampshire Bible Society, for \$280, which was less than cost, in order to raise money to purchase paper at Peterborough. The others were retailed at fifty cents a copy.

"Besides the Testament, Mr. Ide printed a Sermon, by Dr. Payson; The Grave, a Poem by Robert Blair; the Life and Character of Benjamin Franklin, about fifty pages 32mo., written by Mr. Ide himself, in his leisure hours, while an apprentice."

There is a traditional old negro about all these towns. Let a generation with a million of eyes for "Uncle Tom" think kindly of him and his whims and superstitions and innocent humbug about his father, "King of Bungo!"—the romance for Puritan children, the Arabian Nights of the grim New England kitchen:—

CÆSARS AND SCIPIOS.

"It may be strange, and probably unwelcome, to some of the present inhabitants, to learn that the 'peculiar institution' once existed within our borders. Long previous to the revolution, the minister, the doctor, the magistrate, the deacon and the captain, all were slave owners.

"The first one owned in town was a man, belonging to Deacon Adams. Tradition says he was very discontented when comparing the solitudes of the wilderness with the cleared fields of old Ipswich. Soon after, Col. Kidder had two, one of whom was a girl, and died young; Cæsar, the man, was purchased in Chelmsford, for £10, when seven years old. Scipio, owned by Capt. Hoar; Patience, by Rev. Stephen Farrar; Boston, by Dr. Preston, Sen.; and Grace, by Paul Pritchard, died young.

"It was considered that, by the declarations in the State Constitution, they could no longer be held to service; indeed a bold resolution on this subject was voted by the town, as early as 1776. Although in fact free, they all continued attached to the families where they had spent their youth. Three of them attained to an old age, and long outlived their masters.

"Cæsar lived with the family till after Col. Kidder died; then built a small house of his own, on the plain, south east of his old master's mansion, and would occasionally draw supplies from the old farm, on which, as he said, he had spent the marrow of his bones. He, about that time, married Rosanna, and had one child, which died at an early age, as Cæsar believed, by the malicious influence of a witch. His wife lost her reason, and for many years spoke not a word, and would stand motionless for hours. He believed her to be under the spell of the witch also, and bestowed upon her the kindest and most constant care. He died in 1816, at the age of about 70.

"'Old Boston' lived to a truly patriarchal age. He always declared himself to be 'bove century,' and no doubt spoke the truth. He used to say that his father was King of Bungo, and had a 'silver steppy stone a' door, and a goldy iron pot.' He afforded a striking example of

native piety and native eloquence. He had acquired a knowledge of the Bible histories which he used to recite, with additions and interpretations of his own, with a pathos and eloquence which always brought tears from his own eyes, and often from those of his hearers. He was one of the attractions at musters and town meetings, and his recital of the stories of Adam and Eve, of Jonah, and of the Crucifixion, are still remembered by the older citizens."

These are all capital "extracts" and exhibit an entertaining book. We could point to graver passages of family history, town statistics of education, &c., and show the value of this work to the student of American history; but we presume that needs no demonstration. The History of New Ipswich is a capitally prepared volume, industrially, typographically, and pictorially, and is an honor to the publisher and to the wealthy families under whose auspices it is sent forth.

MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES ILLUSTRATED
BY HENRY ESMOND.

It is not often that the town is under obligations to the same individual for its in-door and out-door amusement, the quiet literary enjoyment of the fireside and the excitement of the crowded lecture-room. It is still more rare to find the one illustrating and forming the complement of the other. All these conditions and obligations we have, however, fulfilled in the man who is in everybody's mouth and everybody's hands, Mr. Thackeray, as the author of Henry Esmond, and in propria persona at the lecturer's table. Having perused the novel and attended the lectures simultaneously, our attention has been struck by the connexion of the two. We may be adding to the enjoyment of some who have been readers and not hearers, or the reverse, by pointing out some of them.

All who heard will remember the short, but pointed sketch of the "fast" nobleman of Steele's time, the Lord Mohun. We have his lordship at full length in the novel in the important, but not very creditable, character of the villain of the piece, domesticated in his friend's family as his guest, with his foot bandaged up for a pretended gout as an excuse for a prolongation of his visit to enable him to corrupt the mind of the lady of the mansion, a pure and simple-minded woman, unsuspecting of guile. He amuses his host meanwhile by winning his money at play. Young Esmond, the hero of the novel and an inmate of the house, sees through all this and gives my lord Mohun hints which ensure his speedy departure. The host's eyes are also opened, and mortgaging his already encumbered estate, he pays his debt of honor, and afterwards sends a challenge to discharge another score of a kindred character. Esmond endeavors to draw the quarrel on himself, but to no avail, the duel ensues and the villain is victor.

We hear of my lord Mohun now and then afterwards, always in connexion with some wickedness, but see little more of him. No reader regrets his absence.

We have the better (in a double sense) characters of the lectures also in the book. Dean Swift receives much the same shrift as in the lecture. He appears but once:—

THE DEAN AT THE PRINTER'S.

"The Colonel then, having writ a paper for one of the Tory journals, called the 'Post-Boy,' (a letter upon Bouchain, that the town talked about for two whole days, when the appearance of an Italian singer supplied a fresh subject for

conversation), and having business at the Exchange, where Mrs. Beatrix wanted a pair of gloves or a fan very likely; Esmond went to correct his paper, and was sitting at the printer's, when the famous Dr. Swift came in, his Irish fellow with him that used to walk before his chair, and bawled out his master's name with great dignity.

"Mr. Esmond was waiting for the printer too, whose wife had gone to the tavern to fetch him, and was meantime engaged in drawing a picture of a soldier on horseback for a dirty little pretty boy of the printer's wife, whom she had left behind her.

"I presume you are the editor of the 'Post-Boy,' sir?" says the Doctor, in a grating voice that had an Irish twang; and he looked at the Colonel from under his two bushy eyebrows with a pair of very clear blue eyes. His complexion was muddy, his figure rather fat, his chin double. He wore a shabby cassock, and a shabby hat over his black wig, and he pulled out a great gold watch at which he looks very fierce.

"I am but a contributor, Doctor Swift," says Esmond, with the little boy still on his knee. He was sitting with his back in the window, so that the doctor could not see him.

"Who told you I was Doctor Swift?" says the Doctor, eying the other very haughtily.

"Your Reverence's valet bawled out your name," says the Colonel. "I should judge you brought him from Ireland."

"And pray, sir, what right have you to judge whether my servant came from Ireland or no? I want to speak with your employer, Mr. Leach. I'll thank ye go fetch him."

"Where's your papa, Tommy?" asks the Colonel of the child, a smutty little wretch in a frock.

"Instead of answering, the child begins to cry; the Doctor's appearance had no doubt frightened the poor little imp."

"Send that squalling little brat about his business, and do what I bid ye, sir," says the Doctor.

"I must finish the picture first for Tommy," says the Colonel, laughing. "Here, Tommy, will you have your Pandour with whiskers or without?"

"Whiskers," says Tommy, quite intent on the picture.

"Who the devil are ye, sir?" cries the Doctor; "are ye a printer's man, or are ye not?" he pronounced it like *naught*.

"Your Reverence needn't raise the devil to ask who I am," says Colonel Esmond. "Did you ever hear of Doctor Faustus, little Tommy? or Friar Bacon, who invented gunpowder, and set the Thames on fire?"

"Mr. Swift turned quite red, almost purple. 'I did not intend any offence, sir,' says he.

"I dare say, sir, you offended without meaning," says the other, dryly.

"Who are ye, sir? Do you know who I am, sir? You are one of the pack of Grub Street scribblers that my friend Mr. Secretary hath laid by the heels. How dare ye, sir, speak to me in this tone?" cries the Doctor, in a great fume.

"I beg your Honor's humble pardon if I have offended your honor," says Esmond, in a tone of great humility. "Rather than be sent to the Compter, or be put in the pillory, there's nothing I wouldn't do. But Mrs. Leach, the printer's lady, told me to mind Tommy while she went for her husband to the tavern, and I daren't leave the child lest he should fall into the fire; but if your Reverence will hold him—"

"I take the little beast!" says the Doctor, starting back. "I am engaged to your betters, fellow. Tell Mr. Leach that when he makes an appointment with Doctor Swift he had best keep it, do ye hear? And keep a respectful tongue in your head, sir, when you address a person like me."

"I'm but a poor broken-down soldier," says the Colonel, "and I've seen better days, though I am forced now to turn my hand to writing. We can't help our fate, sir."

"You're the person that Mr. Leach hath spoken to me of, I presume. Have the goodness to speak civilly when you are spoken to; and tell Leach to call at my lodgings in Bury Street, and bring the papers with him to-night at ten o'clock. And the next time you see me, you'll know me, and be civil, Mr. Kemp."

Dick Steele is, however, constantly turning up, and is always welcome to the reader. We have him in his early days among a rough company of troopers, who "run" and at the same time respect him, and as Mr. Esmond advances in age and influence and moves among the London wits, we find him again. As a dinner-table is one of the pleasantest places in the world to meet anybody worth knowing, and in addition to Sir Richard we shall find another personage of the lectures, "Sinjon," thus does Mr. Thackeray uncanonize Bolingbroke, we invite the reader to fall to without ceremony:—

THE DINNER AND ITS TABLE TALK.

"What a party of Tories!" whispered Captain Steele to Esmond, as we were assembled in the parlor before dinner. Indeed all the company present, save Steele, were of that faction.

"Mr. St. John made his special compliments to Mrs. Steele, and so charmed her that she declared she would have Steele a Tory too."

"Or will you have me a Whig?" says Mr. St. John. "I think, madam, you could convert a man to anything."

"If Mr. St. John ever comes to Bloomsbury Square I will teach him what I know," says Mrs. Steele, dropping her handsome eyes. "Do you know Bloomsbury Square?"

"Do I know the Mall? Do I know the Opera? Do I know the reigning toast? Why, Bloomsbury is the very height of the mode," says Mr. St. John. "'Tis *rus in urbe*. You have gardens all the way to Hampstead, and palaces round about you—Southampton House, and Montague House."

"Where you wretches go and fight duels," cries Mrs. Steele.

"Of which the ladies are the cause!" says her entertainer. "Madam, is Dick a good swordsman? How charming the Tattler is! We all recognised your portrait in the 49th number, and I have been dying to know you ever since I read it. 'Aspasia must be allowed to be the first of the beauteous order of love.' Doth not the passage run so? 'In this accomplished lady love is the constant effect, though it is never the design; yet though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior, and to love her is a liberal education.'"

"O indeed!" says Mrs. Steele, who did not seem to understand a word of what the gentleman was saying.

"Who could fail to be accomplished under such a mistress?" says Mr. St. John, still gallant and bowing.

"Mistress! upon my word, sir!" cries the lady. "If you mean me, sir, I would have you know that I am the Captain's wife."

"Sure we all know it," answers Mr. St. John, keeping his countenance very gravely; and Steele broke in, saying, "'Twas not about Mrs. Steele I writ that paper—though I am sure she is worthy of any compliment I can pay her—but of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings."

"I always thought that paper was Mr. Congreve's," cries Mr. St. John, showing that he knew more about the subject than he pretended to Mr. Steele, and who was the original Mr. Bickerstaffe drew.

"Tom Boxer said so in his Observer. But

NOW READY.
MEAGHER'S SPEECHES.

SPEECHES ON THE
LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE OF IRELAND.
With Introductory Notes,
By Thomas Francis Meagher.
1 vol. 12mo., cloth, Portrait, \$1.

Just Published.

THE PRETTY PLATE. A Christmas Juvenile. By John Vincent. With illustrations by Darley. 1 vol. 18mo. cloth, 63 cts.; extra gilt, gilt edges, 88 cts.

THE CHEVALIERS OF FRANCE, from the Crusaders to the Marshals of Louis XIV. By H. W. Herbert, author of "The Cavaliers of England," &c. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25.

CAP SHEAF: a Fresh Bundle. By Lewis Myrtle. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, \$1.

THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT: A Theme for the Time. By Caroline Chesebro, author of "Dreamland by Daylight," &c. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, \$1.

REGAL ROME: an Introduction to Roman History. By Francis W. Newman, Professor of Latin in the University College, London. 12mo., cloth, 63 cents.

DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, with the Original Narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membré, Hennepin, and Anastase Douay. By John Gilmary Shea. With a fac-simile of the newly-discovered Map of Marquette. 1 vol. 8vo. Cloth antique, \$2.

I.—THE FOREST. By J. V. Huntington. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, \$1.25. Also,

II.—COMPARATIVE PHYSIOGNOMY; or, Resemblances between Men and Animals. By James W. Redfield, with 350 illustrations. One vol. 8vo., cloth, \$2.00.

III.—ANCIENT EGYPT UNDER THE PHAROHS. By John Kenrick. 2 vols. 12mo., cloth, \$2.50.

IV.—PHILOSOPHERS AND ACTRESSES. By Arsene Houssaye, Author of "Men and Women of the 18th Century," With Portraits of Voltaire and Mad. de Parabère. Two volumes, 12mo., cloth, \$2.50.

V.—MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Arsene Houssaye; with beautifully engraved Portraits of Louis XV. and Mad. de Pompadour. In 2 vols. 12mo. on extra superfine paper; pp. 450 each, cloth. Price \$2.50.

VI.—HAGAR; A Story of To-Day. By ALICE CAREY, author of "Cloverbrook," "Lyra," &c. 1 vol. 12mo., \$1.00.

VII.—THE MASTER-BUILDER; or, Life at a Trade. By Day Kellogg Lee, author of "Summerfield; or, Life on a Farm." One vol. 12mo., cloth, \$1.

VIII.—MEN OF THE TIME IN 1852; or, Sketches of Living Notables. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, \$1.50.

IX.—THE KNIGHTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, and Scotland. By Henry W. Herbert. 12mo. cloth, \$1.25.

X.—THE CAVALIERS OF ENGLAND; or, The Times of the Revolutions of 1642 and 1688. By Henry W. Herbert. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.25.

XI.—TRENCH ON THE STUDY OF WORDS. 1 vol. 12mo. From the 2d London edition. Price 75 cts.

XII.—POEMS OF WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRASE. 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.

XIII.—THE POETICAL WORKS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. Only complete Edition. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, \$1.

XIV.—LYRA AND OTHER POEMS. By Alice Carey. 1 vol. 12mo. Price 75 cents.

XV.—BRONCHITIS AND KINDRED DISEASES; in language adapted to the common reader. By W. W. Hall, M.D. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.

XVI.—ISA, A PILGRIMAGE. By Caroline Chesebro, author of "Dream Land by Daylight," &c., &c. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.

XVII.—TALES AND TRADITIONS OF HUNGARY. By Theresa Pulszky; with a Portrait of the Author. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.25.

XVIII.—LECTURES AND MISCELLANIES. By Henry James. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.25.

XIX.—CHARACTERS IN THE GOSPELS; illustrating Phases of Character at the Present Day. By Rev. E. H. Chapin. In 1 vol. 16mo. Price 50 cents.

XX.—THE LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS. By Wm. E. Aytoun, Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, &c., &c. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.

XXI.—THE BOOK OF BALLADS. Edited by Bon Gaultier. 1 vol. 12mo., 75 cents.

XXII.—NARRATIVES OF SORCERY AND MAGIC. From the most Authentic Sources. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &c., &c. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.25.

XXIII.—CLOVERBROOK; or, Recollections of our Home in the West. By Alice Carey. In 1 vol. 12mo; 4th edition. Price \$1.

XXIV.—DREAMLAND BY DAYLIGHT: a Panorama of Romance. By Caroline Chesebro. In 1 vol. 12mo. Second edition. Price \$1.25.

XXV.—LADIES OF THE COVENANT. Memoirs of Distinguished Scottish Females, embracing the period of the Covenant and Persecution. By Rev. James Anderson. In 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.25.

XXVI.—EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE. By Acheta Domestica: Insects of Spring, Summer, and Autumn. 3 vols. 8vo.; beautifully illustrated. Price \$6.

XXVII.—THE SAME WORK exquisitely colored after Nature. 3 vols. 8vo. Price \$12.

XXVIII.—CHAPMAN'S AMERICAN DRAWING-BOOK, 3 parts published, for each 50 cents.

XXIX.—POE'S WORKS, in 3 vols. \$4.

XXX.—THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE; or, Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By Catharine Crowe. Price \$1.25.

XXXI.—THE HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE PENINSULA. By W. F. P. Napier. \$3.

XXXII.—GRISCOM ON VENTILATION—the Uses and Abuses of Air. \$1.

In Press.

HISTORY OF FRANCE IN THE 16th & 17th CENTURIES, Civil Wars and Monarchy in France. By Leopold Ranke.

PROSE WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE.

THE SPEECHES, ADDRESSES, &c., of the Hon. T. B. Macaulay. Now first collected. 2 vols. 12mo. \$2

FATHER PROUT PAPERS.
Jy 24 J. S. REDFIELD, 110 and 112 Nassau st.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY'S
LIST OF
RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS Complete in one volume, with all his Introductions and Notes; also, Various Readings, and the Editor's Notes, and Illustrated with numerous Steel Engravings. Crown 8vo. from elegant new type.

BURNS'S COMPLETE WORKS: Containing his Poems, Songs, and Correspondence; with a new Life of the Poet, and Notices Critical and Biographical, by Allan Cunningham. Illustrated with fine Steel Engravings. 1 vol. crown 8vo. The best edition in market.

BYRON'S COMPLETE WORKS: Embracing all his Poetical Works and Correspondence, with a Sketch of his Life, together with very elaborate Critical and Historical Notes. 1 vol. crown 8vo. Illustrated with numerous Steel Engravings. An exact reprint of Murray's last London edition, and the only complete American edition.

MILTON'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS: A new edition, with Notes and a Life of the Author, by John Mitford. From new small pica type, very elegant.

The above series of Standard Poets are bound in the various styles of Muslim, Half Calf, French and Turkey Morocco, Full Gilt, Beveled and Antique—very elegant, and forming the most splendid presentation books of the season.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN: Moral, Poetical, and Historical. By Mrs. Jameson. Illustrated in a series of twelve superb Steel Engravings. 1 vol. royal 8vo., in Muslin, French, and Turkey Morocco, Antique, and Full Gilt.

HEROINES OF SHAKESPEARE: Consisting of a series of Portraits of all the Heroines mentioned in the plays of the great Poet; from Thirty-six superb Engravings on Steel, under the supervision of Messrs. Kelly & Glover. 1 vol. crown 8vo., variously bound, some very elegant.

GEMS OF BEAUTY; OR, LITERARY GIFT: Edited by Emily Percival. 1 vol. 8vo. beautifully illustrated with Eight elegant Engravings and Illuminations, variously bound.

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS: A new edition, adapted to Family reading, and embellished with numerous characteristic Engravings, from Original Designs by Mr. D. C. Johnson. 1 vol. crown 12mo., in Plain and Full Gilt bindings.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: With a Biographical Account of Defoe. Illustrated with sixteen Fine Engravings, printed in tint, variously bound in 1 vol. 12mo.

IN PRESS OR IN SPEEDY PREPARATION.

THE TELL-TALE; OR, HOME SECRETS TOLD BY OLD TRAVELLERS. By the Author of "Sunny-Side," "Peep at Number Five," &c., &c., will be ready early in December. 16mo., neatly illustrated.

AN OUTLINE OF THE GEOLOGY OF THE GLOBE; and of the United States in Particular. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., President of Amherst College, author of "Religion of Geology," &c., &c.

LIFE AND HEALTH; comprising ten Essays on the preservation and prolongation of Life and Health. By William A. Alcott, M.D.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD, from the earliest period to the present time. With numerous Illustrations. In one large octavo volume of 1200 pages.

MONTGOMERY'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, with an Essay by Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. The above will be completed in one volume, crown octavo, of about 1000 pages. Finely illustrated.

WOODWORTH'S AMERICAN MISCELLANY. The above work will abound with interesting and instructive matter, and will be tastefully illustrated. It will be got up somewhat after the plan of "Chambers' Miscellany," which has had such an immense sale in Great Britain. The work will be extended to ten vols., each of which will be complete in itself. Vol. I. will be issued early in December, and the remaining ones at irregular intervals thereafter.

MONTGOMERY'S SELECT POETICAL WORKS. In one large 12mo. volume, with a Portrait. From elegant type.

MOORE'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS; With a sketch of his Life by a distinguished American scholar. One volume, royal octavo. Numerous Illustrations.

HEMANS' SELECT POETICAL WORKS: With an Essay by Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. One volume, large 12mo., With numerous Illustrations. d4 St

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.
A NEW BOOK FOR THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

IN PRESS.

THE SENATOR'S SON;
OR, THE MAINE LAW A LAST REFUGE.

By **METTA VICTORIA FULLER,**

Author of Forest Leaves, &c., &c.

It will contain about 300 pp., 12mo., and will be issued on the 1st of January.

Orders solicited.

TOOKER & GATCHEL, PUBLISHERS,

d10 2t

CLEVELAND, O.

TRUBNER & CO.,

(LATE DOLF & TRUBNER),

AMERICAN AND CONTINENTAL LITERARY AGENCY,

12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON,

CONTINUE TO SUPPLY

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN (Old and Modern)

BOOKS, PERIODICALS, NEWSPAPERS, PHILOSOPHICAL APPARATUS,

And everything connected with

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ARTS.

They possess advantages, with respect to capital and experience, which enable them successfully to compete with any London House.

CONSIGNMENTS OF AMERICAN BOOKS

From all parts of the United States, are respectfully solicited; and T. & Co. are at all times prepared to make advances of ONE HALF the invoice value.

CONTINENTAL AGENTS.

T. & Co. believe they are the only firm in the AMERICAN business who have established Agents in Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Berlin, Copenhagen, Leipzig &c., and dealing directly with these Agents, are able to offer superior advantages for buying and selling on the Continent. d11

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1852.

LITERATURE.

TOWN ANNALS—NEW IPSWICH.*

NEW IPSWICH, a town in one of the Southern counties of New Hampshire, is fortunate in this preservation of its memorabilia, past and present, in this goodly well-edited octavo. Let no one hereafter say that Americans are indifferent to the past—while a series of volumes, similar to the present, are appearing all over the country much after the manner of the voluminous county histories of England,—perhaps to be one day followed by some quaint Dr. Fuller, who will condense the spirit of the whole of them in a witty way in the "Worthies of America." But these books go far beyond their foreign predecessors in many respects. The English histories have a general limitation of subjects, in the antiquities (Roman or native) of the region, the scholars, divines, or great men in any department the spot has produced, and the local aristocracy of the region. The American cousins in twelvemo and octavo of those portly British quartos have quite as much and something more to be garrulous about. Though the period of which they have to talk seldom exceeds a hundred years or so, and frequently falls much short of that time, a town springing into the historic age in America in fifty, even in twenty or ten years—yet from the excellent memory of what there is to be preserved and the wider scope of subject, a volume is as readily filled by a Yankee antiquarian as by one who begins with Julius Cæsar and the Heptarchy and potters along over a thousand years. There are the Indian antiquities to start upon and the indefinite background of their predecessors, the moundbuilders, if the country is so fortunate as to possess a tumulus. If it does not, the zealous scribe may very properly fall back upon geology and the creation, when he may open some very reputable earth works and hillocks. Planting himself in this way on the primitive strata, he may look down with contempt upon the Picts and Scots at the small end of time, and travel slowly along at his leisure—perhaps on one of Mr. Lyell's icebergs—till he arrives at the later historic formation of Plymouth Rock. The colonial age, with its records and the story of the first settlements, how the first corn was planted, the first bear shot, the church and the school-house built, whose child first came into the world and what veteran first went out of it—what a tempting subject for prolixity and tediousness! Then there are law and litigation, boundary disputes, a religious controversy or two, an occasional hanging of a witch or a Quaker and a standing massacre of the Indians, and when the human ear begins to tire of the twang of the conventicle or the ring of the war-whoop, in comes a flourish of trumpets on the stage for the Old French War or King George; or that greater George, George Washington, sounds the drum to arms. The muster roll and the pension list supply opportunities almost boundless for biographical zeal. When all that is settled, then comes after the Revolutionary, the manufacturing, and the emigrating era;—the annals of industry—vast and comprehensive. Peace hath her triumphs no less renowned than war, is the

motto of the local scribe, and he chronicles the spinner, the shoe-maker, and the blacksmith. That emigration leads to the nicest points of historical and philological investigation. To trace the Smiths of Smithtown, for instance, in their journeyings from the Atlantic to the Pacific! The schoolmaster perhaps has been neglected, and the very name, almost lost sight of, has to be unearthed through a mass of villainous and perplexed cæcography. The family history of an American citizen, developed by the fecundity of a prolific anti-malthusian land, without any check of special title or dignity, no conventional limitation of aristocracy as we have seen in the English books, but simply resting on the universal qualification of the genus homo, what a splendid field for the genius and perseverance of the American local historian!

The vast, the unbounded prospect lies before him.

With all our respect for the genius of our countrymen in this department we tremble for the result of this enormous amount of literary productiveness, likely to ensue on the fashion for these local histories, to which every newspaper in the land is tributary and of which every inhabitant may become a subject. What Astor Libraries can hold the vast aggregates, what Smithsonian bounty shelter the thronging millions—for to millions it may not improbably come, when we consider that the passion for biography, and the exclusively eulogistic portion of biography too, is coextensive with the vanity of man.

New Ipswich, we again say, is happy in possession of its historiography. It enjoys the felicity denied to the great men before Agamemnon. The poets may feign for antiquity imaginary bear hunts, but here is the actual thing itself, no Meleager fiction, but Ephraim Heald in the fact:—

NATURAL HISTORY OF IPSWICH.

"The pioneer settlers found here the bear, the wolf and the deer, and it is only recently that they have entirely disappeared. They have all been seen within the memory of persons now living in town. In April, 1781, a great wolf hunt was held by the inhabitants of New Ipswich, Jaffrey and Sharon. According to a concerted plan, a large area was surrounded, including Tophet swamp; but it is said that the enterprise proved fruitless. A bounty on wolves was proposed as late as 1784; and a 'deer reef,' or deer-keeper, to take care that the deer were not destroyed at certain seasons of the year, was annually chosen, up to the year 1793. As lately as 1808, a bear weighing ten score was killed by Ephraim Heald, in Temple. Beavers were not rare, as is evidenced by the traces of beaver-dams still existing in some of the meadows. Otters were known to some of the inhabitants now living. Salmon, shad and alewives sometimes made their ascent up the Souhegan, until their access was cut off by dams built in the towns below. Wild turkeys were abundant, especially along the eastern border, on the slope of the hills where the chestnut is found, a circumstance which gave to the whole range, as far as Lunenburg, the title of Turkey Hills.

"The following incident is related by an aged gentleman. 'My grandmother Emerson, who lived at the southwest part of the town, was walking to a neighbor's, having on a bright scarlet cloak. The wild turkeys on discovering the red dress, came into the road to give battle. She retreated to the house, and my grandfather came to the rescue with his gun; but the flint being gone, his wife took a coal of fire, and

when he had levelled the gun, she communicated the fire, killing two turkeys at one shot.' It is said on good authority that deacon Ephraim Adams, was once attending a coal-pit on the mountains, and threshing grain at the same time. The wild turkeys came from the woods to search for grain among the chaff, among whom he made great havoc with his gun. Among them was a famous cock turkey which he had failed to obtain a shot at, until he had no shot left. At last a good chance presented, when he broke up a pewter spoon, loaded his gun with it, and made a successful shot, the turkey when stripped weighing eighteen pounds."

The story of the men who sailed for Troy or defended Marathon is a subject of learned doubt and painful investigation; but no such anxieties will rest upon the men who fought at Ticonderoga:—

HOW THE CONTINENTALS STOOD IN ARMS.

"To a man, they wore small-clothes, coming down and fastening just below the knee, and long stockings with cowhide shoes ornamented with large buckles, while not a pair of boots graced the company. The coats and waistcoats were loose and of huge dimensions, with colors as various as the barks of oak, sumach and other trees of our hills and swamps, could make them, and their shirts were all made of flax, and like every other part of the dress, were homespun. On their heads was worn a large round top and broad brimmed hat. Their arms were as various as their costume; here an old soldier carried a heavy Queen's Arm, with which he had done service at the Conquest of Canada twenty years previous, while by his side walked a stripling boy, with a Spanish fuzee not half its weight or calibre, which his grandfather may have taken at the Havana, while not a few had old French pieces, that dated back to the reduction of Louisburg. Instead of the cartridge box, a large powder horn was slung under the arm, and occasionally a bayonet might be seen bristling in the ranks. Some of the swords of the officers had been made by our Province blacksmiths, perhaps from some farming utensil; they looked serviceable, but heavy and uncouth. Such was the appearance of the Continentals to whom a well-appointed army was soon to lay down their arms. After a little exercising on the old Common, and performing the then popular exploit of 'whipping the snake,' they briskly filed off up the road, by the foot of the Kidder Mountain, and through the Spafford Gap, towards Peterboro', to the tune of 'Over the Hills and far away.'"

Why go to Theocritus and his commentators for the turning of the sieve and the magic of necromancy, when we have witchcrafts and spiritual knockings so much nearer home? You have but to look in at New Ipswich and you will be quite as well horrified and entertained:—

MIRACLE WORKERS, &c.

"This town cannot boast of having escaped religious fanaticism. But few are aware that one of the strangest delusions, attended with almost incredible extravagances, once prevailed here. About the year 1784, a number of citizens, mostly at the south part of the town, gave credence to the divine mission of Anna Lee, from whom originated the sect of Shaking Quakers. In 1785, John Melvin, David Melvin, Jonathan Kinney, Amos Whittemore, and Nathaniel Williams, on this account, petitioned to have their minister's tax abated. Their request was at first granted, but afterwards denied. The leading man among them was Amos Whittemore, who lived on the south road, at the foot of the Whittemore hill, at the place now owned by Mr. Ramsdell. At his house their meetings were held. They could assemble forty or fifty from this and the neighboring towns. Their exercises

* The History of New Ipswich, from its first grant in 1736 to the present time: with Genealogical Notices of the principal families, and also the Proceedings of the Centennial Celebration, Sept. 11, 1850. Gould & Lincoln.

Report shows no less than five foreign explorations and surveys in progress—the Japan expedition (to embrace an increased force, of seven important vessels in all) under the command of Commodore Perry,—the cruise for the survey of the China Seas, the Northern Pacific, and Behring's Straits, under Commander Ringgold,—an inland expedition into Africa, in the region eastward of Liberia, for which Commander Lynch, of the Dead Sea Expedition, has volunteered, and is now on his way to that country; a projected survey of the La Plata, assigned to Lieutenant Page, and the partly completed exploration of the Amazon. Mr. Kennedy, the author, has often had occasion to dwell on the peaceful rewards of literature; his pen has now the happier privilege of turning the arts of war to the same beneficial ministry. The cheap postage, of another department, though not as yet sufficiently productive, is properly to be continued. There is also a prompt expression of concurrence with the new Greenland Sir John Franklin Expedition, under the auspices of Mr. Henry Grinnell, of this city, and Mr. George Peabody, of London, the interests of which are commended to Congress.

We listened the other night, for the second time, to one of Thackeray's lectures in the new course, the lightest, and perhaps the most delightful of the whole, that on "Dick Steele,"—for your humorist is a practical leveller to the truth of things and never once called him Sir Richard. It was pleasant to sit there and, the surprise being over, watch the lecturer's skill in varying the topic "from grave to gay," which he does with the hand of an artist. We had time, too, to appreciate the distinction pointed out to us between the "lonely serenity," the mild "scepticism" of Addison, and the more desultory, spontaneous way of his friend. The lectures will be admirable reading, and we are happy to learn will be published in a book by the Harpers immediately on Mr. Thackeray's return home. With no intention, as our contemporary of the *Albion* remarks, "of opening a ledger to keep this author's accounts," we may mention, for the general benefit of the literary interest, that Messrs. Harper will pay one thousand dollars for this copyright, and Messrs. Appleton have made other liberal arrangements. The *Albion* tells us that Providence, Rhode Island, pays eight hundred dollars for the delivery of three of the lectures. The two courses in New York under the auspices of the Mercantile Association will realize (a substantial word not often to be employed with authors' affairs) at least three thousand more. The lectures, too, are in demand on all sides. Brooklyn is to hear four of them, and Boston will doubtless have its welcome. Altogether, the cidevant Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh's visit to this great Vanity Fair should produce to him (and a very cheap pleasure for everybody at that) some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, besides the "glorious time" of it.

As Sam Weller once suggested, and as "Boz" took the hint, will he write a book about us? Certainly, why not—and that, with as much candor and pleasantry as he chooses, it will be a generous, enjoyable one for both sides of the Atlantic, we have the warrant in his own cordial words to us in public:—

"And if to English authors, the English public is I believe kind and just in the main, can any

of us say, will any who visit your country not proudly and gratefully own with what a cordial and generous greeting you receive us! I look round on this great company. I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association, as whose servant I appear before you; and of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters, and honored in our country as their own; and I thank you and them for a most kindly greeting, and a most generous hospitality. At home and among his own people, it scarcely becomes an English writer to speak of himself; his public estimation must depend upon his works: his private esteem on his character and life. But here among friends newly found, I ask leave to say that I am thankful; and I think with a grateful heart of those I leave behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, and will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness which you show to their father."

The Romance of Student Life Abroad, by R. B. Kimball. Putnam.—We anticipated from the title of this volume a work on the general subject of student life in Europe, in the Pays Latin and Berlin, on the banks of the Rhine and Cam and Isis. It is confined to the first of these famous localities, and adds little, if anything, to our previous knowledge of that old haunt of learning. These glimpses of student life, however, are designed merely as a frame work for a series of brief tales, purporting to be the actual adventures of the students introduced. Few, however, of the sojourners about the Luxembourg have, we suspect, been favored with such romantic experiences.

These stories are not tales of sick-rooms and surgical operations. The young saw-bones, fortunately for us, go beyond professional limits—the stories are in fact of the most varied description, some verging on the humorous, others deeply pathetic. The incidents in all of them are drawn from domestic life, exhibiting its passions, hopes, and fears, varied in scene and subject, yet all bearing a strong affinity by their uniform inculcation of high principle, affection, and self-denial. The style of these tales is exquisite. We were often reminded in reading them of the masterpieces of the same kind scattered through the works of Irving. The similarity is one of excellence, not of imitation. We trust the author will return to this subject of student life to go over more of its extended range and penetrate more deeply beyond its surface. If he can throw in some more of his delightful stories, so much the better.

The Children of Light, by Caroline Chesebro'. Redfield. Diffuseness is the main fault of Miss Chesebro', as of many other lady writers. The book before us might have been compressed one-third in size without injury to character or sentiment. It would no doubt have taken longer to write, but the labor thus bestowed would have given it a longer lease of life. We fear that the one volume 12mo. measure, which seems the popular one for popular sale, will prove as dangerous as the three volumes post octavo of the London trade to the novelist. It would be better to reduce the size of the cask than to dilute its contents.

The Children of Light is a story of painful interest, unrelieved by any attempts at humor, or genial development of character. The personages of the tale fail to interest because they one and all "talk like a book." Ease and nature are wanting.

English Tales and Sketches, by Mrs. Newton Crossland, is a collection from Messrs. Ticknor & Co., from the pen of a practised magazine-writer of the day—stories of the well known type of the English Annuals.

Cap-Sheaf, a Fresh Bundle, by Lewis Myrtle, published by Redfield, is one of the 1k. Marvel, "Reveries of a Bachelor" books which seem to hit a certain immaturity in the public taste, an ultra-feminine prettiness of sentiment, all very smooth and amiable no doubt, but bearing the same relation to the stuff of real life which blanc mange does to a beef steak. Lewis Myrtle's sentiments are very good and his descriptions agreeable, and he "roars gently as a sucking dove," and is probably, under these disguises, too much of a man to be petticoated in this fashion.

The Chevaliers of France, from the Crusaders to the Marshalls of Louis XIV., is a continuation of the series of Mr. Herbert's romantic historical sketches, publishing by Redfield, exhibiting the writer's skill in the picturesque, and in situation, and flowing descriptive style.

Biography is beginning to be generally cultivated for the youthful readers under the lead of the Abbots. They have begun a great ways off, with the Alexanders and Julius Caesars. Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston publish a *Young American's Library*, commencing with a volume on Henry Clay. It is not written in the juvenile style, but pretty much as such volumes are commonly composed for men, with greater brevity, however, and wood-cut illustrations, which, though rude enough, are most valuable additions to all books of this class for general country circulation.

Columbus Unveiling the New to the Old World.—This print is a design for a proposed monument to Washington, from a model by Professor Costöli. It represents a group of four figures on a pedestal. In the centre is Columbus lifting a veil from an Indian female crouched at his side. On the other side are two females seated—one holds a book marked with a cross. At the corners of the pedestal are four lions. The design, from its dramatic nature, seems to us better adapted for painting than statuary.

Letters on Syphilis, by Ph. Ricord, translated by W. P. Lattimore, M. D. Philadelphia, A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. The famous letters by Ricord on this Speciality, first published in the *Union Medicale*, of Paris, then translated for the N. Y. Medical Times, are now presented in the form of a book, which will be valued as giving in a permanent form the latest views of Ricord upon a subject on which he is recognised as the best authority.

Messrs. PHILLIPS & SAMPSON are in full force for the holidays, with a painted array of light infantry, in bright gold and red regimentals—the juveniles for the season. These little square volumes are mostly prepared by Francis C. Woodworth, editor of a "Youth's Cabinet," and make a pretty series of Uncle Frank's Library. It is not an easy thing to put together a good child's book: there is a freemasonry in this as well as in other sections of the great author's craft. These books, we judge from the practical experience of the nursery, hit the mark, with their moralities and little cases of conscience, their animals and apologues, country and city people, tales of sympathy and courage, and, not least, our old friends Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood.

Of books a size larger, we have a pleasant collection of Christmas Stories, *The Little Messenger Birds*, by Mrs. Caroline H. Butler; also, by the same hand, *The Ice King*, a picture of rural winter scenes, with a moral hidden beneath, and some striking pictorial illustrations on the surface. *The Juvenile Keepsake*, with Wordsworth's gentle Barbara Leuthwaite; *Christmas Roses*, with poetry, fairy tales, and an infusion of the German; and *Youth's Diadem*, a similar gift-book for all seasons, by Clara Arnold. A step beyond this, for "children of a larger growth," comes *The Amaranth* for 1853, in the style of the old annuals, with mezzotints after Leslie and others, and long stories by Mrs. Abdy and others; *The Garland*, of similar brilliant and sentimental manufacture, edited by Emily Perceval; and, still increasing in size, *The Gems of Beauty*, for 1853.

J. W. MOORE (Phila.) has completed the series of ten volumes of *Chambers' Papers for the People*. We have before commended this collection as a decided advance upon the cheap popular literature of the day. Its topics are of importance, both for fact and speculation, it has simplified in a philosophical way some very difficult subjects, and its matter is pleasantly diversified with healthy fiction and entertaining travels and manners. The whole series contains some eighty papers, is in an elegant form, and may be commended as a worthy and intelligent gift for the holidays and every day.

Lippincott, Grambo & Co.'s last issues of the Waverley Novels are Quentin Durward and St. Ronan's Well. In the popular form De Witt & Davenport issue Ingraham's romance of *Captain Kyd*; and Peterson of Philadelphia the *Pictorial Life and Adventures of Davy Crockett*, written by himself; *Meyer's Universum*, parts IX. and X., are as usual spirited in letter-press and novel pictorial illustration.

Dunigan's edition of Haydock's Family Douay Bible, Nos. 5, 6, and 7, has two of Overbeck's really scriptural designs, and one from Vandeyck, on steel. The text is well printed.

ODDS AND ENDS.—BY AN OBSOLETE AUTHOR.
CONTRIBUTED TO THE LITERARY WORLD.

No. IV.

BODY AND SOUL.—A TALE.

BODY and soul, like man and wife,
Are always striving for the breeches,
Yet neither in the ceaseless strife,
The object of its labor reaches.

Each for the hour despotic sways;
The shifting helm in turn each takes,
And steers the vessel different ways,
Until the sleeping messmate wakes.

The future to the present life
One sacrifices long and oft;
One with the present is at strife,
And like the sailor looks aloft.

They ne'er agree a day together,
Fall out, shake hands, and pout again,
Yet still jog on through wind and weather
To the music of their rattling chain.

At length when fate with iron shears,
Severs the ill-assorted tie,
They part in agony and tears,
And wish another voyage to try.

It happened once they had a rout,
Which ended in a desperate fray;
I cannot tell what 'twas about,
But it lasted many a weary day.

Each called on death to come and sever
The tie they could no longer bear,
And swore they'd rather part forever,
Than live a life so full of care.

Death came at last in grim array,
A white ribbed spectre with his dart,
And beckon'd them to come away,
Shake hands, and then forever part.

In hollow voice that seem'd to come
From some dark yawning cavern forth,
Or some cold, mildew'd, fleshless tomb,
Where rot the silent sons of earth,

He slowly said, "I'm here, my friends,
Now let your endless bickerings cease;
Here your long cheerless journey ends,
Forgive, forget, and part in peace."

Each beg'd to let them try again,
And promis'd what they'd oft before,
But all their promises were vain,
For when death comes he parts no more.

He raised his bony arm on high,
He pointed his unerring dart,
He took his aim with sightless eye,
And buried it deep in the heart.

The bond dissolved, the fetters burst,
Forever parted was the pair;
One mingled with its parent dust,
The other went—I know not where.

THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

"I AM Miss Catherine's book" (the Album speaks);

"I've lain among your tomes these many weeks,
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

Quick Pen! and write a line with a good grace:
Come! draw me off a funny little face;
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place."

PEN.

"I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen,
I've served him three long years, and drawn
since then

Thousands of funny women and droll men.

O Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his these thousand
days,
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze!"

ALBUM.

"His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a
few;

Tell me a curious anecdote or two,
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!"

PEN.

"Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture-pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, stinking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

* * * * *

I've helped him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart
bled.

I've spoke with men of all degree and sort—
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;
Oh, but I've chronicled a deal of sport!

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last—I've answered all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh.

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Day after day the labor's to be done,
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

* * * * *

Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us whensoever we
come!

Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

Kind lady! till my last of lines is penned,
My master's love, grief, laughter at an end,
Whene'er I write your name, may I write
friend.

Not all are so that were so in past years;
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears!
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

So be it;—joys will end and tears will dry. . .
Album! my master bids me wish good-bye;
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

And thus, with thankful heart, he closes you;
Blessing the happy hour when friend he knew,
So gentle, and so generous, and true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

London Keepsake, 1853

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—THE recent American obituaries include the Hon. Francis Baylies, of Taunton, Mass., a statesman and man of letters. He published a "History of Plymouth." A writer in the *Savannah Republican* speaks of him as having been at one time thought of as editor of Alexander Hamilton's papers, and he is stated to have been possessed of a large amount of the personal memorials of Gen. Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec.—In quite another sphere, the newspapers chronicle the departure of the host of the old Mansion House of Philadelphia, HEAD, at whose table-d'hôte some years since was a select dinner-party daily of the Army and Navy and the most distinguished civilians. Cooper, the novelist, was one of his steady visitors. Our Philadelphia friends, we trust, will not forget a proper editorial souvenir to the old host, whose hotel differed from other people's hotels as a musical, exquisitely paced chronometer from a jangling vulgar Yankee clock. Of Revolutionary days we have these reminders:—

"Mrs. Deborah Randall, who died recently at Annapolis (Md.) at the age of 96 years, was a notable old lady, having often danced with Gen. Washington in her youth. She had children down to the third generation, and was the mother of several distinguished sons, viz:—Judge Randall, of Florida; Dr. Barton Randall, U.S.A.; Hon. Alexander Randall, formerly member of Congress from Maryland; John Randall, Esq., a prominent planter there; Major Daniel Randall, late Paymaster of the United States' Army, deceased, and Hon. Richard Randall, deceased, and formerly Governor of Liberia.

"Miss Sarah Thompson, known as the Countess Rumford, died on the 2d inst., at Concord, N. H., aged 70. This lady was the daughter of the celebrated Count Rumford, and was well known in this city, and in Woburn, in this state. Count Rumford, it will be remembered, was an Ameri-

weep, because it will not help.' Gray received much praise for a passage in his Ode on the Duke of Grafton's Installation at Cambridge, in reference to the *Cam*, where he converts the proverbial sluggishness of that river into a graceful compliment to the University:

'Ye brown o'erarching groves
That contemplation loves,
Where willowy *Camus* lingers with delight.'

"Nearly thirty years ago I transcribed the following from a pedestal on the *Pont Notre-Dame*, at Paris:

'*Sequana quum primum Regine allabitur Urbi,
Sistit præcipites ambitiosus aquas;
Captus amore loci, cursum obliviscitur, anceps
Quo fluat, et dulces nectit in urbe moras.
Hinc varios implens fluctu subeunte canales,
Fons fieri gaudet, qui modo flumen erat.*

The lines are by Santeul, and were placed on the *Pont Notre-Dame* a few years before Gray visited that city. Santeul died in 1697, and was a Canon-regular of St. Victor's. He adorned Paris with various inscriptions, which, like his Latin hymns, are marked by grandeur of thought and simplicity of expression. Rollin wrote his epitaph, which ends with the following couplet:

'Fama hominum merces sit versibus æqua profanis;
Mercedem poscunt Carmina Sacra Deum.'

"In the 'Monody written near Stratford upon Avon,' by Dr. Warton, is this line,

'His robe with regal woes embroidered o'er,'

which was suggested by an affecting passage in Savage's 'Wanderer,'

'Here the lone hour a blank of life displays,
Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
Her eye all sunk, and red!—a robe she wore
With life's calamities embroidered o'er.'

"Sir Walter Scott, in the 'Lady of the Lake,' says,

'E'en the light harebell rears its head
Elastic from her airy tread.

Which is from Milton's 'Comus,'

'Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.'

"The talented translator of Anacreon was indebted for the idea of his pretty song 'Why does azure deck the sky?' to a passage in Giles Fletcher's 'Description of Mercy.' Fletcher lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and of James I.; but the sweetness and cadence of these lines have scarcely been surpassed by later poets.

'If any ask, why roses please the sight!
Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bower:
If any ask, why lilies are so white!
Because their blossoms in thy hand do flower:
Or why sweet plants such grateful odours
shower!

It is because thy breath so like they be.
Or why the orient sun so bright we see!
What reason can we give but from thine eyes
and thee!

"The beautiful stanza in Beattie's 'Hermit,'

'Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn,
Ah! when shall it dawn on the night of the
grave!

contains a sentiment very like one by the accomplished and ill-fated *Surrey*, in his 'Description of the restless state of a Lover.'

'The winter's hurt recovers with the warm;
The parched green restored is with shade;
What warmth, alas! may serve for to disarm
The frozen heart that mine in flame hath
made!
What cold again is able to restore
My fresh green years that wither thus and
fade!

"But a more remarkable instance of imitation occurs in 'The Vision,' by Burns. He was certainly indebted for the idea of that poem to a copy of verses written by 'the melancholy and pensive Wollaston,' so far back as 1681, and therefore seventy-eight years before Burns was born. Wollaston's poem was written upon the occasion of his leaving, 'with a heavy heart,' as he says, his beloved Cambridge. It will be recollected that, in 'The Vision,' Burns describes himself as sitting in the 'auld clay biggin,' musing with regret on the time he had wasted, and the fair opportunities he had lost, from his devotion to poetry, and as being about

'To swear by a yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I henceforth would be rhyme proof
Till my last breath.'

"At this moment the Muse of Scotland appears to him:

'Green, slender, leaf-clad holly boughs
Were twisted, graceful round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless vows
Would soon been broken.

'With musing deep astonish'd stare
I view'd the heavenly-seeming fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When, with an elder sister's air,
She did me greet.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was skimpily seen;

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shade, bold mingling, threw
A lustre grand;
And seem'd to my astonished view
A well-known land.'

"She tells him that she had marked his progress through life, and the traits of deep poetic feeling of his boyhood: admitted the errors and the sufferings which too often accompanied these feelings, but still reminds him of their high and sacred origin,

'That e'en the light that led astray,
Was light from heaven!'

and warns him that the wealth of the world could never compensate the loss of the Divine gift:

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled,
In light away.'

"Wollaston, in the poem alluded to, in like manner describes himself, as sitting in his own 'small apartment,' under the influence of similar feelings, and proceeds thus:

'As here one day I sate,
Disposed to ruminate,
Deep melancholy did benumb,
With thoughts of what was past, of what to come.

I thought I saw my Muse appear,
Whose dress declar'd her haste, whose looks
her fear;

A wreath of laurel in her hand she bore:
Such laurel as the god Apollo wore.
The piercing wind had backward comb'd her
hair,
And laid a paint of red upon the fair;
Her gown, which, with celestial colours dy'd,
Was with a golden girdle tied,
Through speed a little flow'd aside,
And decently disclosed her knee;
When stopping suddenly, she spoke to me:
"What indigested thought, or rash advice,
Has caus'd thee to apostatize?
Not my ill-usage, surely, made thee fly
From thy apprenticeship in poetry."
She paus'd awhile, with joy and weariness
oppress'd,

And quick reciprocations of her breast;
She spoke again:—"What travail and what
care

Have I bestow'd! my vehicle of air
How often changed in quest of thee!"

"And she concludes, like the Muse of Burns, by counselling him to remain true to her and to poesy.

"Suppose the worst, thy passage rough, still
I'll be kind,

And breathe upon thy sails behind.
Besides there is a port before:
And every moment thou advancest to the shore,
Where virtuous souls shall better usage find."
Concern, and agitation of my head,
Wak'd me; and with the light the phantom fled.'

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WATSON & SARGEANT, of Lowell, have opened a large store in Cincinnati, which is to be under the superintendence of Col. Watson.

Messrs. C. S. FRANCIS & Co., have added to their already attractive list of juvenile books, several new ones, which will be very welcome to our young friends at the coming holidays. "The Canadian Crusoes," by Mrs. Traill, edited by her sister, Agnes Strickland, a narrative to which all youthful human nature responds, with irresistible sympathy. The illustrations, after designs by Harvey, are remarkably well done, and the book is altogether very handsome. "The Travels of Rolando," translated by Miss Aiken, is another thick and handsome volume with very fine engravings, full of information about the comparatively unknown regions of Asia and Africa. A new and revised illustrated edition of "Evenings at Home," by Mrs. Barbauld and Dr. Aiken, and of the "Swiss Family Robinson," containing the whole work in one volume. "Mrs. Hofland's Moral Tales," contains three of her excellent stories. They have also added to their *Little Library Series* "Mrs. Leicester's School," by Charles and Mary Lamb. "The Scottish Orphans," by Mrs. Blackford, authoress of the "Eskdale Herd Boy." "The Good Grandmother," "Ellen the Teacher," and "The Barbadoes Girl," by Mrs. Hofland. "Hints for Happy Hours; or, Amusement for all Ages," a new book of parlor games, puzzles, and social entertainment for home parties. And for the younger ones they have "Sister Mary's Stories about Animals," and "The Nursery Gift," both with very attractively colored pictures. "The Book of Songs for my Little Sisters and Brothers," mostly from the German.

They have also "Rasselas," "Paul and Virginia," and "Elizabeth," in a neat form. Their Cabinet Edition of "Shakspeare" is complete in five vols. of very convenient size, and moderate price.

ENGRAVING.

THE Subscriber would inform Authors, Publishers, and Printers, that he still continues to carry on the business of ENGRAVING ON WOOD, in all its branches. His facilities are such that he is enabled to execute all orders promptly, and in every style of the Art, upon the most reasonable terms; while the experience of many years enables him to feel perfect confidence in his efforts to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. N. ORR, No. 52 John street, 31 st (between Nassau and William), New York.

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS,
BOSTON,
HAVE IN PRESS, and will publish THIS AUTUMN,
the following BOOKS:

Barry Cornwall's
Essays and Tales in Prose.
2 vols., with fine portrait.

DeQuincey's Writings.—Narrative
and Critical Papers.
In Two Volumes.

Spain;
Her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men. By S. T.
WALLIS, author of "Glimpses of Spain."

Ruth,
A new novel, by the Author of "Mary Barton."

Charles Mackay's Poems.
Edited by himself.

English Tales and Sketches.
By Mrs. CROSLAND.

The
Poetical Works of Henry Alford.
Edited by himself.

Pilgrimages to English Shrines.
By Mrs. S. C. HALL.

The Boy Hunters.
By Capt. MAYNE REID.

A New Volume of Poems.
By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A New Volume by Mrs. Emily C.
Judson (Fanny Forrester).

Adventures in Fairy Land. By
R. H. STODDARD.
A Book for Children.

Labor and Love.
A TALE OF ENGLISH LIFE.

Matins and Vespers.
New Edition, with Dr. Bowring's last Revisions and
Additions.

Visiting my Relations, and its
Results.

n13 ewtf

IN PRESS.

THE SUMMER AND WINTER OF THE
SOUL.

By the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A.

THE FINLAND FAMILY;

OR, FANCIES TAKEN FOR FACTS.

By Mrs. S. P. Cornwall.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE WORLD'S LACONICS;

OR, THE BEST THOUGHTS OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

With an Introduction by W. B. Sprague, D. D.

THE EARLY DAYS OF ELISHA.

By F. W. Krummacker.

A SEQUEL TO THE FEMALE JESUIT.

By Mrs. S. Luke, author of *Female Jesuit*.

LIGHT IN A DARK ALLEY.

By Rev. Henry A. Rowland.

M. W. DODD,

d43t Brick Church Chapel, New York.

NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY,

346 AND 348 BROADWAY,

Corner of Leonard street.

The Collection of Books,

both for reference and circulation, is one of the largest
and best in this country.

The Reading Room

is liberally and punctually supplied with American and
Foreign Newspapers and Periodicals.

The Alphabetical and Analytical
Catalogue,

A large octavo, of nearly Seven Hundred pages, for Sale
at the Library Rooms. o16tf

A NEW WORK

By the Author of *Shandy Maguire*.

Just Published

In two volumes 12mo., with Six fine tinted Illustrations,
cloth, gilt backs, \$1 50,

THE SPÆWIFE;

OR,

THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esq.,
Author of "Shandy Maguire."

Just Published

In an 8vo. of 600 pages, illustrated with a Portrait of the
Author, price in cloth, gilt backs, \$2 50; cloth, gilt
edges and sides, \$3.

THE POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS

OF

DR. JOHN LOFLAND,

THE MILFORD BARD.

CONSISTING OF

SKETCHES IN POETRY AND PROSE, MORAL, PATRI-
OTIC, SENTIMENTAL, SYMPATHETIC, AND
HUMOROUS.

With a Portrait of the Author and a Sketch of
his Life.

Collected and arranged by

J. N. McJILTON, A.M.

MURPHY & CO., PUBLISHERS,

d18 It 178 MARKET ST., BALTIMORE.

Book for the Times.

THE ECLIPSE OF FAITH;

OR,

A VISIT TO A RELIGIOUS SCEPTIC.

NEW STEREO TYPE EDITION.

One volume 12mo., pp. 468. Price, \$1 25.

"We warmly commend it to universal perusal, as per-
haps the most valuable, and certainly the most brilliant
contribution to the treasury of the 'Evidences,' which has
been made during the present century."—*London Eclectic*
Review.

"There has been no work which we have seen so well
calculated to meet the objections of a large class of doubt-
ers as this."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

"Written with great spirit, with unusual logical ability,
and with a complete mastery of the subject."—*Christian*
Register.

"It presents the deistical reasoning against Christianity,
and then disposes of it entirely with the true Christian argu-
ment."—*Troy Daily Times*.

"We know of no book on the subjects of which it treats
which is in so readable a form, and yet so thoroughly anni-
hilates these lights of modern days, and carries us back
with such a relish to the old and long-tried doctrines of the
Bible and the simple faith which it enjoins."—*New York*
(Baptist) Recorder.

"The author of this book is Mr. Henry Rogers, well
known as one of the ablest recent contributors to the Ed-
inburgh Review."—*Portsmouth Journal*.

"There is an elevation in the tone of the work, an ease
and elegance in the style, and a force in its logic, which
will place it high among books on the evidences. . . .
Whoever has written it has done a noble work."—*Cincin-*
nati Herald.

"His mode of treating the subject is simple and direct,
and such as will fix and retain the reader's attention from
the beginning to the end."—*Worcester paper*.

"One of the works we like to have men read."—*Trumpet*.

"We greatly mistake if it does not prove to be one of
the hardest things that infidelity on either side of the water
has had to digest for many a day."—*Puritan Recorder*.

"One of the most valuable contributions of the present
century to theological literature."—*Literary World*.

"It unites to an almost unprecedented degree, raciness
of style, strong dramatic interest, sound reasoning, and
profound religious sensibility. We cannot but anticipate
for it a blessed mission."—*Portsmouth Journal*.

Published by

CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO., BOSTON.

*The above work will be sent by mail, post paid, on
receipt of \$1 25. d11 3t

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN LITERATURE.

INTERNATIONAL ARRANGEMENT.

SAMPSON LOW, SON & CO., Import and Export Booksellers between England and America, beg to announce
that their extensive premises on Ludgate-Hill, London, are now opened for the reception and sale of American Books,
and that they undertake for the benefit of American authors, the publication of New Books in England, simultane-
ously with their appearance in this country.

S. L. & Co. have likewise secured facilities for supplying copies of English and foreign works to any extent, and
upon moderate terms, which will be forwarded by their agents in New York to any part of the States, with prompt-
itude and dispatch.

The "PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR, AND GENERAL RECORD OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERA-
TURE," is published by this firm on the first and fifteenth of every month, and will be forwarded regularly to any part
of the States, upon a subscription of two dollars per annum.

REFERRERS.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and Bangs & Co., New York. d11 4t

IN PRESS,

AND WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED,

THE HAND-BOOK

FOR THE

ARTISAN, MECHANIC,
AND ENGINEER;

CONTAINING

The arts of Polishing, Lacking, Grinding, Japanning,
Staining, and Burnishing, as well as the arts of perfect-
ing Engine-Work, and Mechanical Designs; the Orna-
menting of Wood, Stone, Marble, Glass, Diamonds, Iron,
Steel, and works in all sorts of Metals and Alloys, and the
various abrasive processes that effect what cannot be
done by cutting tools.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A DICTIONARY

Of Apparatus, Materials, and Processes employed in
the Mechanical and useful arts for

GRINDING, POLISHING,

AND

ORNAMENTING;

collected with great care from original sources, and from
the Works of

GILL, PHILLIPS, HOLTZAPFFEL, O'NEALE,
KNIGHT, URE, AND OTHERS.

THE ORIGINAL MATTER

IS PURELY AMERICAN.

The whole arranged, with numerous engravings on
wood and stone, to suit the

AMERICAN ARTISAN,

BY OLIVER BYRNE,

MATHEMATICIAN,

CIVIL, MILITARY, AND MECHANICAL ENGINEER;

Author of "The Practical Model Calculator;"
Compiler and Editor of the "Dictionary of Machines, Me-
chanics, Engine-work, and Engineering;"

"The Pocket Companion for Machinists, Mechanics,
and Engineers;"

"The Practical Cotton-Spinner;"

"The Practical Metal-Worker's Assistant;"

&c., &c.

PHILADELPHIA: T. K. COLLINS, JR.,

No. 8 North-Sixth Street,

1853.

JUST ISSUED,

NEW EDITION OF THE

CHRISTIAN MINSTREL;

A NEW SYSTEM OF

MUSICAL NOTATION,

BY J. B. AIKIN.

SACRED MELODEON;

SAME PLAN AS CHRISTIAN MINSTREL.

SACRED HARP,

BY WHITE & KING.

d18 4t

JOHN W. ORR
ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the
public that he still continues the business of WOOD
ENGRAVING, in all its branches, at his old place,

75 NASSAU STREET,

where, with his long experience and superior advantages,
he is enabled to execute all orders in his line, however
large, in a superior style, with the utmost dispatch, and on
reasonable terms. His facilities for doing all kinds of
work are unsurpassed.

JOHN W. ORR, 75 Nassau st., New York. j18tf

of water may sometimes be heard at that gate, we formerly learned, said Dr. Robinson, and have related; and the same story is now repeated every day. But we never found a person who professed that he himself had ever heard this trickling, neither a native, nor much less a Frank. Yet it may well be true; and that without being wonderful, seeing there are two large cisterns just by the gate. But in addition to this supposed channel, one writer asserts, that just outside of the Damascus gate, on the right hand, is a large reservoir of living water, flowing into the city, from which many fountains were formerly supplied. Another writer speaks of a well of living water in the Church of the Flagellation, and regards it as connected with this channel at the Damascus gate. Both writers appeal also to the taste of these waters, as resembling that of the waters of Siloam.

It seemed important to prove the accuracy of these statements. We went, therefore, to the Damascus gate, in company with some of our friends, and found not only a cistern on the right side of the gate, but also one on the left side. They are both, however, ordinary cisterns of rain-water, filled by the water which runs from the road and fields above, and is conducted into them by small channels or furrows on the surface of the ground. These we saw. We tasted of the water in the right-hand cistern; it had indeed a flavor somewhat like that of Siloam; but it was here merely the taste of impure water. We then tasted of water from the other cistern, and found it almost putrid. We afterwards repaired to the Church of the Flagellation. In the outer court is a large cistern of good rain-water, collected from the roof and courts. In an inner court is a smaller reservoir, and the attendant began to relate how the water in it was never exhausted. We tasted it, and found again the Siloam flavor; but looking at the water which had just been drawn up, we perceived that it was full of the wriggling worms and animalculæ found in impure rain-water. Here, then, was another ordinary cistern, and the peculiar taste was accounted for.

5. Of the second wall of the city, Josephus says, that it began at the "Gate of Gennath," in the first wall, and ran "circling around" to the fortress Antonia. The gate Gennath has, therefore, usually and naturally been regarded as situated near to the town of Hippicus. But the modern theory removes this gate eastward to a point in the wall along the brow of Zion, from which the said second wall would run northwards along the street of the Bazaars. The grounds and arguments brought forward in aid of this view by its two earliest supporters, have all been rightly rejected by the latest, with the exception of two; and these would seem to be hardly more tenable than the rest. These are the tradition of two gates along this line; one the *Porta Judiciaria*, so called, on the *Via Dolorosa*; the other on the brow of Zion. Now, as to the *Porta Judiciaria*, without which the whole argument falls to the ground, there is no appearance nor evidence that a gate ever stood in that spot; a single lone column does not of itself imply a gate. And further, of the *Via Dolorosa* itself, now held to be so authenticated by tradition, there is no historical trace until long after the Crusades. On the contrary, historical documents clearly show that in the thirteenth century the streets now so

called, were known among the Christians by other names.

In opposition to such a course of the second wall, we have first the manifest absurdity of supposing that a wall for the defence of the city, would be carried along the middle of the declivity, where it would be everywhere commanded by higher ground outside. Then, too, we know from Josephus, that there was a gate by which water could be brought into the tower of Hippicus; of course it was near Hippicus. In describing the approaches of Titus after he had taken the third or outer wall, the historian speaks of the next wall (the second) as extending up to that gate. Hence, we have the second wall described in two opposite directions—once as beginning at the gate Gennath and running northwards, and again as running southwards up to the gate near Hippicus. The inference is conclusive, that the gate Gennath and the gate by Hippicus were identical.

6. One writer regards the course of the third or outer wall of Josephus, as having been in the main the same with that of the present northern wall; and denies that the ancient city extended further north than the limits of the modern one. But the multitude of ancient cisterns existing over a large tract outside of the present wall, on the north, and in no other quarter, prove conclusively that a very considerable extent of ground was occupied of old, by the streets and dwellings of a portion of Jerusalem.

From these statements, said Dr. Robinson, it will be evident that I did not find the hypotheses of recent writers sufficiently supported by observation to lead me to any important change in the views of the topography of Jerusalem, expressed in my former work, and current for centuries.

The travellers visited the vicinity of Hebron; and returned by *Bethzacharia*, situated on the western brow of the mountains. On the 10th of May they left Jerusalem to return northwards along the eastern brow of the mountains, overlooking the valley of the Jordan. In this way they came to Eduma, Aeraba, Tirzah, and Thebez. Descending into the Ghôr, they visited Succoth near the Jordan; and fording that river were able to identify the site of the long lost *Pella*. They returned and encamped over Sunday at Bethshean, in the mouth of the great valley of Jezreel.

From Hasbeiya the Rev. Mr. Thomson accompanied Dr. R. to Baniás and afterwards to Damascus. There the Rev. S. Robson became his companion by way of Zebedany and 'Anjar (the ancient Chalcis) to Baalbek, and further north to Riblah. From this point they struck across by the great castle el-Husn, around the north end of Lebanon, to near Tripolis; thence to the Cedars, and along the heights of Lebanon to the sources of the Dog river; and so to Beirût.

On the 22d of June, Dr. R. embarked at Beirût by way of Smyrna for Trieste.

WHAT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION IS DOING.

SOME of our readers may remember a series of editorial articles in the New York Times touching the operations and policy of the Smithsonian Institution. They gave rise to several replies from friends of the Institution, correcting various misconceptions, and among them the following letter from a Washington correspondent:

[Correspondence of the New York Daily Times.]
WASHINGTON, Oct. 6, 1852.

* * * It is a little singular that the very points in which the Smithsonian Institution is supposed to fall behind its duties are those to which it is devoting most attention. The imputation has been made of partiality to subjects of natural and physical science, and of neglecting ethical and metaphysical. All sides assail the Institution for not doing more, forgetting that while numerous interests have equal claims, a small amount of money, partitioned among many, goes but a little way. It is hampered by the construction of an expensive building ordered by Congress, and protested against by Professor Henry; and in this a large portion of its funds are absorbed. Indeed, scarcely more than one-half of the entire income is available for actual operations. With some \$25,000 per annum, it is obliged to maintain the corps of officers and employes, buy books, meet expenses of lectures, and carry on all its other operations.

The Smithsonian Institution has always been ready and active in aiding the general interests of science. The single subject of meteorology will serve as an example. The institution has a corps of trained, intelligent men, between two and three hundred in number, extended over the entire continent, and making frequent observations—many with standard instruments. All the observations at the military posts and naval stations, as well as in the vessels of the mercantile and government marine (through the Observatory), are freely at its command, and are used. The States of Massachusetts and New York pay men to observe, and furnish instruments for observation, whose results are transmitted to it. The returns for each month fill a large folio volume. Nor does this matter accumulate unused. A competent gentleman has been long engaged in jotting down the observations for particular days of interest, upon a large physical map of North America and the Atlantic ocean, developing laws of great importance, which would have been presented at this year's meeting of the American Association, had it taken place. No institution nor government in the world is now doing anything like as much for meteorology as the Smithsonian. It has planned and executed the great system of observations, has imported standard instruments, and rated and constructed hundreds of barometers, and thermometers, used all over the continent. It has published full directions for observing, has now in press a series of hygrometrical, barometrical, hypsometrical, and many other tables of prime importance, amounting to upwards of three hundred pages. This, and much more, for meteorology alone.

The missionary and philologist have their works on the Dakota and Choctaw languages, of much importance as a means of civilizing the Indians.

The astronomer has his annual occultations of fixed stars for determining the longitude, published by the Institution and used throughout North America for the advancement of geographical knowledge—these almost the first of their kind in this country. He has the memoir, ephemeris, and history of Neptune—three works known the world over. The geologist has his extraordinary fossil mammals and reptiles from the Upper Missouri, first developed by the Institution, and now publishing under its auspices. The geographer and naturalist have the report of

Mr. Culbertson to the Institution, on the little-known regions of the Upper Missouri; the results obtained by Wright, Fendler, and Lindheimer, in Texas and New Mexico, and of Adams in Jamaica, Cuba, and Panama—investigations all fostered by the Institution. Aid has been rendered to the astronomical expedition to Chili, in supplying expensive instruments indispensable to success, at a time when no funds were forthcoming for their purchase. Nor can I omit the explorations of the remarkable antiquities of the West, for the first time presented in a proper form and in authentic history by the Smithsonian. In fact, there is no interest of science in its broadest sense which is not protected by the Institution. Look, for instance, at what the librarian is doing in the way of spreading information and of simplifying the great labor of cataloguing, as shown in the reports on cataloguing and on libraries. As also at his grand idea of stereotyping the titles of books separately, so as to be used in many different combinations, as well as in publishing catalogues of any or all libraries throughout the country at a trifling cost, not to mention his general catalogue of all the books in the United States. Take, too, the matter of foreign exchange as well as domestic. This summer the Institution sent to Europe, Asia, and Africa, the following amount of books: 9,885 lbs., contained in 46 boxes and 572 parcels, addressed to 362 institutions and individuals. These contained the publications of the Institution, public documents of interest (among them 150 copies of Schoolcraft's Indian work), and all the transactions of the various literary and scientific bodies of the United States, transmitted free of cost to them, or to the recipients of the parcels. The returns from abroad are also received for such institutions. This feature obviates all the practical difficulties in the way of scientific intercourse between the New World and the Old.

In fact, the Smithsonian is fast rising to an importance second only to that of the post office, as an agent in uniting the learned institutions and individuals of the two worlds in bonds of close communion. Much the largest portion of the scientific exchanges crossing the ocean passes through its hands, the greater part of which would have remained at home but for its agency. Packages bearing the stamp of the Smithsonian Institution pass free of duty or question into all ports of Europe. England, so stringent in her custom-house regulations, granted this permission nearly two years ago, at a time when it was steadily refused to her own societies. Now, thanks in a great measure to the agency of the Institution, all addresses borne in certain lists kept and furnished by the Royal Society, enjoy the same exemption.

As to the foreign appreciation of doings in this department and others, you should read the letters on file from Humboldt, Von Ritter, Liebig, Brewster, Babbage, Sabine, Faraday, and a host of others, of which there are whole volumes.

As for publications of a practical character, the work of Booth and Morfit, on recent improvements in the chemical arts, will furnish an illustration. Among them is one on the forest trees of America, treated in an economical as well as scientific view by Dr. Gray; one on breadstuffs; one on recent progress in electricity and magnetism; one on the progress and present state of American geogra-

phy; one on making collections and observations in science—somewhat resembling the Admiralty Manual, but prepared expressly for America; and a host of others too numerous to mention; all derived from original sources, prepared by the most competent men, and posting up our knowledge to the latest dates, furnished by the journals and transactions daily received at the Institution.

The collections of the Smithsonian Institution are of great value. Its library contains one of the best sets of scientific transactions and periodicals in this country. Its gallery of art embraces the fullest series of Indian portraits in the world. Its museum is the richest in North American vertebrate animals, skins, skeletons, and alcoholic preparations (including hundreds of undescribed species) of any in the United States. All these, in the unfinished state of the building, are by the world at large scarcely known to exist, being mostly packed away in basement rooms.

The lectures constitute a very small portion of the operations of the Institution. And yet they may and do accomplish much good. The room is filled to overflowing, by a varying crowd gathered from all parts of the Union, and each carrying away with him a modicum, at least, of information. Reports of these lectures will be published in the monthly or weekly bulletin of the Institution, shortly to appear, and intended to contain lists of articles in scientific and literary journals and transactions, records of new facts derived from such sources, books, proceedings of the Institution, and other items.

To send the Smithsonian publications into every house in the land, as demanded by some, the publication fund (not \$5,000 per annum) of the Institution would be entirely inadequate. Say there are 200,000 houses to be supplied. This number of copies of a single octavo sheet would cost at least \$1,500. Five thousand dollars would then publish 3½ such sheets. The Patent Office Report this year will probably cost over \$100,000, or more than one-fifth of the original bequest of Smithson. This for a single book, which two years after publication is out of print, and cannot be procured. How many complete sets of the Patent Office Reports has any one man ever seen? I doubt if the Patent Office itself possesses one. The Smithsonian pursues a wiser course. Copies are presented to all permanent libraries and institutions throughout the world, and to individuals specially interested in the subjects treated of. Some are kept for future demand, and sold at cost. The Institution makes no profits; the few copies sold, compared with the many given away, return but a small amount of the expenses, and this is immediately turned anew into the publishing fund. The Institution would gladly publish more matter, practical as well as abstract, and in larger quantity, but it has no option as to expenditures. Congress has ordered the erection of an expensive building, and the accumulation of a library, museum, and gallery of art. It has ordered the lectures. The Institution of course must obey, though it would cheerfully have put up with a cheaper building, so as to have more money for active operations.

It does not always follow that what a bookseller will not publish had better remain in curious manuscript, even in a practical point of view. Few publishers would undertake a work on the occultation of the

stars, so indispensable in accurately determining geographical positions. The number of persons now engaged in working out the geography of North America is, say 100—a small but very important corps. The occultations for 1852, consisting of some forty pages quarto, cost, say \$600, including expense of computing, which was formerly borne by the Institution. To make any profit the charge must be at least \$10 per copy of forty pages. So with many others. The great question as to whether the few have not a right to consideration as good as that of the many, I will not here discuss.

From the Gentleman's Magazine for October.

SEVERAL CURIOUS LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

"With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary."—POPE.

"THE criterion by which to distinguish between literary plagiarism, and undesigned coincidences of thought and expression, has been sufficiently established by critics; and no one, at the present day, would regard such imitations, when not too frequent and glaring, as detracting from a writer's just fame and reputation, which will always depend, not on occasional defects, or occasional beauties, but on his permanently sustained genius and originality. There is always entertainment in tracing the thoughts and sentiments of a writer to the source which supplied them, or of observing how the same idea may suggest itself to different minds. The following coincidences of idea and language have not hitherto, I believe, been noticed.

"Dr. Goldsmith, in his 'Traveller,' says,

'And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!'

"Norris, who wrote during the Commonwealth, has the following, in his poem entitled 'My Estate.'

'While you a spot of earth possess with care
Below the notice of the geographer,
I, by the freedom of my soul,
Possess, nay more, enjoy the whole;
To th' universe a claim I lay.'

"The idea expressed in the second stanza of Campbell's lines to 'Melancholy,'

'There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not if I could be gay,'

is from the same writer, in a poem also addressed to 'Melancholy';

'Mysterious passion, dearest pain,
Tell me what wondrous charms are these,
With which thou dost torment and please;
I grieve to be thy slave, yet would not freedom
gain.'

"In Robert Blair's fine, original poem, 'The Grave,' is the following:

'Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it
out,
What 'tis ye are, and we must shortly be.'

"The same Norris, in his 'Meditation,' says,
'Some courteous ghost tell the great secrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we must be.'

"Gray adopted the thoughts of others with great freedom. In his Sonnet on the Death of West, he has,

'I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.'

"Lord Bacon, in his 'Apophthegms,' had remarked that Solon, when weeping for his lost son, and being told that weeping would not help, replied, 'Alas! and therefore do I

can by birth, named Benjamin Thompson. He went to England, and afterwards to Bavaria, in each of which countries he held high official positions. The King of Bavaria loaded him with honors and made him a count. The name selected was Rumford, the old name of Concord, where he was born. An annuity was settled on him, half of which, we believe, continued to his daughter during her life. He was a liberal benefactor to Harvard College and the American Academy.

And, in the second generation, of a famous name:—

"The Telegraph has informed us of the decease, at Memphis, on the 24th ult., of Hon. John W. Crockett, of Tennessee, a son of the celebrated Davy Crockett. He was a worthy son of a distinguished father. With an accomplished education, quick perception, and vigorous mind, he was enabled in early manhood to take a high position in the profession he had adopted, and the people of West Tennessee will long remember him as an able and successful lawyer. Like his father, Mr. Crockett possessed those qualities requisite to make him a favorite with the people, and at a comparatively early age he was called upon to serve them in the Congress of the United States. There he distinguished himself by devotion to the interests of his constituents, and a patriotism and honesty of purpose, which gave him an enviable position among his fellow-members. After serving two sessions (we believe) in Congress, he declined another election, and removed to New Orleans to become the editor of a daily paper. In this capacity he also gained great reputation, and was universally respected for his talent, urbanity, and courtesy. After several years' absence, Mr. Crockett returned to his native State, and again commenced the vigorous prosecution of his profession in the city of Memphis.

—Prof. Felton, in the last number of the *Whig Review*, runs a striking parallel between certain incidents of the careers of Daniel Webster and Demosthenes:—

"If we compare Mr. Webster with the great statesmen of antiquity, we shall find many points in common between him and Cicero and Demosthenes. He had, however, more force and originality than the former, and more varied culture than the latter. To our apprehension, he more resembled Demosthenes than any other modern orator. Demosthenes began his career in narrow circumstances; he nevertheless had the liberal education of a gentleman, but he had to earn his bread by addressing the understandings of common men—the Dicasts of the Athenian courts. He overcame the physical weakness of his youth by healthy exercises. He was profoundly versed in the law, and prepared himself by arguing civil cases for his great career as an orator and a statesman. One of his earliest triumphs was a *Defence of Pested Rights*, strikingly parallel to the Dartmouth College case. On more than one occasion he saved his countrymen, by his wisdom and eloquence, from a foreign war; he pronounced an eulogy upon those who had died in the service of their country. But the most splendid exhibitions of his genius were the great orations he delivered on *The Union of the Greeks*, in the conflicts with Philip, and his defence of his policy in his oration on the Crown, which Mr. Everett justly compares to the Reply to Hayne. He traversed the Grecian States, everywhere addressing admiring multitudes, and *Union!* was the burden of his majestic discourse. But enemies rallied against him. His private life was calumniated; he was charged with sensuality and licentiousness, with wasteful extravagance, with corruption and bribery, with having been bought by Eastern gold. But he answered his antagonists and they vanished from the political stage. His

days were saddened by the death of a beloved daughter, but he forgot his private woes in the service of his country. At one moment, an inflamed public opinion banished him from the Bema, the scene of his fame; and, retiring to the sea-shore of the neighboring Egina, he consoled himself by gazing over the blue waters. But his return was a triumph such as never had fallen to the lot of any man before. The whole population poured out to welcome him back, 'not so much as a magistrate or priest staying behind.' He died soon after, having never been Archon of Athens, though he had controlled its foreign policy for many years. Statues were raised to his memory; his character was vindicated from the aspersions of his enemies, who lived in history only because the immortality of him they slandered has saved their names from oblivion. The purity of his conduct in the administration of public affairs, the ardor of his patriotism, the splendor of his genius, have been only the more conspicuous the more his life and works have been studied; for every word he ever spoke breathed a single-hearted devotion to the interests and glory of his country, and showed him to be a friend of virtue, of honor, and of public decency. His language was grand, yet simple, rich, solemn; not disdaining ornament, but never seeking it at the sacrifice of sense; sweet and stately, as well as forcible. His arrangement of topics was skilful, but natural, and the array of his arguments, in solid phalanx, was irresistible. It is one of the chiefest glories of republican Athens that her institutions produced such a man; it is a blot on the history of disunited Greece that she listened to his words, but forgot to act upon his counsels. May the parallel stop short of this crowning circumstance of ruin and disaster!"

—Two Thanksgiving paragraphs of the recent festival:—

"The Bangor (Me.) *Mercury* notices a thanksgiving party, one of the olden kind, which assembled in the village of Hampden, at the home of Benjamin Sweet, on Thanksgiving day, when forty-six persons sat down to dinner. There were present the father, aged eighty-three years—all his sons and daughters, seven of the former and six of the latter, twelve of whom are married and had their wives and husbands with them—fifteen grand-children, and two great-grand-children. A clergyman and his wife and another neighbor completed the list. They all formed about the old hearthstone and received the old man's blessing. The cradle in which the thirteen (the number of the original States of the Confederacy) were all rocked, was brought forth, and the whole scene as related to a participator, was most impressive and joyous."

"On Thanksgiving day, the Rev. Mr. Grundy's congregation, at Louisville (Ky.), by a concerted movement, but without any previous notice to Mr. G., his house was surrounded by carriages and various vehicles directly after service, bringing a large company of members of his church and outsiders, together with a most abundant supply of the richest and best eatables ready for the table, and many other valuable presents. The ladies took immediate possession of the house, spread the table, feasted the parson and family, the company, and themselves, and followed that performance by a social party, which dispersed about ten o'clock at night."

—A word for smokers, in an autograph note of Count D'Orsay to Dickens, which comes to us *via* a translation from the French in the Boston *Atlas*.

"GORE HOUSE, April 30, 1846.

"MY DEAR DICKENS—I send you the cherry stick, which will now produce better fruit than it bore while a branch of a cherry tree, for it is said smoke inspires authors. I saw B— [Babington Macaulay?] one day when he visited me

in my small house, fill the chamber with a cloud of smoke, and when he was like Jupiter about seducing Io, he said—'Now I can write my article on Chatham.' I may add that the effect produced by these visible clouds was very brilliant, as you may recollect the article in the Edinburgh Review. *Au revoir*. Affectionately yours, A. S. D'ORSAY."

—The benefits of individuality, and of that diversity of tempers in the world by which one man's humors neutralize another's are happily shown in a warning lesson of the dangers of unanimity, from the example of the combined powers of the Siamese Twins, who caricature humanity—in a style which Dean Swift would have gloated over—as exhibited in a newspaper article from the place of their residence, North Carolina—"When they chop or fight," says this account, "they do so double-handed; and in driving a horse or chastising their negroes, both of them use the lash without mercy. A gentleman who purchased a black man a short time ago from them, informed the writer he was 'the worst whipped negro he ever saw.'"

—If you want romance, now-a-days, you must take it from the world of fact. After the Siamese Twins what could be more satirically "got up" than this:—

"The re-engagement of Mme. Fanny Cerito, at the French opera, and the determination of M. Saint-Leon to remain in his present lucrative position, as first dancer and *maitre de danse*, has given rise to some ludicrous scenes. They are divorced from bed and board, and until the *fete* given not long since at the Grand Opera, had never met since the judicial powers decreed their separation! They came on the stage, their mouths wreathed in smiles, but the lady looked daggers at her husband; after pirouetting half-a-dozen times, they threw themselves in each other's arms, and danced for five minutes in this affectionate manner! Then Mme. Cerito was obliged to exhaust her pantomimic powers in telling her (hated) husband she adored him next to Heaven!"

—Or what could Geoffrey Crayon himself invent more humorous and reflective than this:—

"The Boston *Journal* gives a long extract from a Bombay paper's account of an extensive riot which occurred there, in November, 1851, caused by the publication, in a Bombay newspaper, of an editorial translation of portions of the life of MOHAMMED, by WASHINGTON IRVING. The most aggravating feature, however, in the provocation given to the Mussulmans, was a defective likeness of their prophet. The Bombay paper from which the extract is made, calls the print a 'smeared and smudgy lithograph of MOHAMMED,' taken from SIMON OCKBY's history of the Saracens. This riot lasted for three days, when the Mahomedans were at last conciliated by the editor's apologizing for the translation and picture."

—Even the conjuror's trick has to give way before the practical little device of the sheriff's execution recently applied to the effects of a bankrupt "wizard of the world" at Chicago.

"In the hurry of departure he unluckily left at the depot a couple of large boxes, which the creditors of his wizardship immediately pounced upon, and which were found to contain the implements of his trade. Still more unluckily for professors of *diablerie* the articles revealed the *modus operandi* of their business—showing how it is done, and how it isn't."

"The most curious article of this 'stock in trade' is the large copper kettle, in which Dr. Faustus and the Devil were wont to boil their dinners. This kettle is suspended before the

audience, and into it are thrown several pails-full of water, which is suddenly converted into solid ice, or mysteriously metamorphosed into half a dozen pigeons, rabbits, &c., &c., which, on removing the cover, hurry away in every direction. All this is the silliest piece of humbuggery in the world, to such as can perceive that this mysterious kettle is made with double sides, with a vacancy between them into which the water passes, and thence is drawn upward through the ball and suspending rods, which are hollow, and passes off in the manner of a syphon to a tub below the stage. The cover is sufficiently large to contain the birds and rabbits, which, by turning the knob of the cover, are let down, together with the separatrix that concealed them, into the kettle.

"The celebrated 'bottle feat' of pouring a great variety of wines and liquors from a common glass bottle is no less simple, and when understood, no less silly than the foregoing. The 'common glass bottle,' borrowed from the audience, is of course not the one used on such occasions, but is exchanged for another, made of japanned tin, and furnished internally with receptacles for the different kinds of liquors. Each receptacle has a valve, and these valves may be opened or closed at pleasure, by stops on the outside of the bottle, arranged for the fingers like the keys of a musical instrument. The compartments having no connexion with the mouth of the bottle, except by the valves, the bottle may at any time be rinsed with water, and more liquor poured out. There are a couple of those 'inexhaustible bottles' in the 'present collection,' both of which are soon to be sold to the highest bidder."

— D'Israeli has been unfortunate in his plagiarism of the obituary language of Thiers for the funeral services of the Duke. The *Globe* was not twenty-four hours in detecting the theft, noticed in our last.

"*Felix opportunitate mortis*," says that journal, "at least the Duke was spared witnessing this ignominy. The Duke of Wellington had experienced the vicissitudes of either fortune, and his calamities were occasionally scarcely less conspicuous than the homage which he ultimately secured. He was pelted by a mob. He braved the dagger of Cantillon. The wretched Capefigue even accused him of peculation. But surely it was the last refinement of insult that his funeral oration, pronounced by the official chief of the English Parliament, should be stolen word for word from a trashy panegyric on a second-rate French Marshal."

— An epigrammatist offers this felicity on the occasion:—

"In sounding great Wellington's praise,
Dizzy's grief and his truth both appear,
For a great flood of tears (Thiers) he lets fall
Which were certainly meant for sincere
(St. Cyr)."

— And another has the following:—

"Now from the chamber all are gone
Who gazed and wept o'er Wellington;
Derby and Dis. do all they can
To emulate so great a man.
If neither can be quite so great,
Resolved is each to lie in state."

— The *Leader* is neat and facetious:—

"As though England herself, in her People's Chamber, had no words for her own soldier! To delude publishers and patrons, as Chatterton did, was questionable; but to make a dupe of the House of Commons, was, indeed, a stroke worthy of a Boccaccio to record. * * * We can conceive the spite of a senator unmanned, at finding that he has been thus moved by a counterfeit—fancying that he was weeping over D'Israeli, and finding that he was weeping over Thiers; led by mistake, as it were, to pour his

grateful emotion on the tomb, not of Wellington, but of St. Cyr. Of course, the smasher of Eulogies will be called roughly to account by those who have been duped, and the effect of the delusion will go beyond a mere doubt in his eloquence. People will ask when he is impressive, Who is that from? A telling passage on the rights of the British people they will probably trace to De Joinville on the invasion of England; or a pathetic epigram on the British matron may be found lurking in the tribute of Dumas the Younger to the *Dame aux camélias*."

In the same speech the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced a quotation from Claudian, apropos to the venerable Duke:—

"— Stilichonis apex, et cognita fulsit
Canities."

Why Stilicho? ask the *Globe* and the *Leader*. "Stilicho, the contemporary of Alaric, the marauding and traitorous ruffian in the pay of the Vandal. Why did he pick out that euphonious scoundrel, STILICHO (the name sounds like an 'o-clows' man'), as a peg whereon to hang the venerable grey hairs of the Duke? Why did he select Claudian, the poet of the Lower Empire, and not a classic? Surely as a delicate compliment to Louis Napoleon and his friends, the priests, &c., &c."

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

DEC. 7. Luther Bradish in the Chair. Mr. Beekman presented from James Castle, of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, several maps, which had been used by Washington in his campaigns, including a map of New York, published under the patronage of Lord Sterling, maps representing the post routes between New York and Philadelphia; also a chart of the Hudson river.

The Rev. Dr. Robinson read a detailed account of a journey made by him through Palestine, in company with Rev. Dr. E. Smith and other gentlemen, during the early part of the present year. The paper was drawn up in Germany, and was laid before the German Oriental Society at their meeting at Göttingen in October last.

Starting from Beirut the travellers went along the coast to Sidon; and then struck off eastward into the southern parts of Mount Lebanon. They visited the great fortresses of esh-Shūkif and Tibnin, the *Belfort* and *Toron* of the Crusaders; and afterwards passed on to *Ramah* of Asher, *Ramah* of Naphtali, *Araba*, *Selamis*, *Sogane*, *Gabara*, *Jotapata*, *Cana* of Galilee, *Sepphoris*, *Bethlehem* of Zebulon, &c. They now crossed the plain of Esdraelon to Lejjūn, the ancient *Megiddo*; and on the way to Nablus were able to find the long sought *Dothan*, where Joseph was sold by his brethren. It is on what is still the great road from Jezreel to Ramleh and Egypt. From Nablus they struck down to *Lydda*; visited *Ajalon*, *Emmaus* or *Nicopolis*, and *Zorah* the birth-place of Samson; and thence turned their course to Jerusalem.

The travellers spent twelve days in Jerusalem, diligently occupied in examining objects of interest, and investigating the various questions connected with its ancient topography. Some of the results of their observations in the Holy City were stated in six particulars.

1. In a Plan of Jerusalem, to which are attached the names of the English Engineers, Col. Aldrich and Lient. Symonds, the western wall of the Haram, or inclosure of the great Mosque is laid down with two retiring

angles towards its southern end; that is, so that it does not continue straight through its whole length, but, in its southern part, first turns eastward by a right angle, and then again by a second right angle. Great stress has been laid upon this plan, as constructed from actual survey by scientific engineers; and therefore, decisive as to the point in question. Yet it contradicts the plan of Mr. Catherwood, made from actual measurements in the interior of the Haram, as well as all other plans of the city, before or since. Viewing it from various points of observation, Dr. Robinson found that the western wall of the Haram is straight throughout.

2. In respect to the valley of the Tyropæon, so called by Josephus, the new theory first broached since 1840, and contradictory to the current views of all former centuries, transfers the beginning of this valley from the Yafa gate to the Damascus gate. This, continued Dr. Robinson, is really a question of interpretation between the supporters of this hypothesis and Josephus. But so long as with one voice they follow him in making Zion terminate at the street leading down from the Yafa gate, all the laws of philology and hermeneutics require that they should follow him further, and like him, make the Tyropæon, and then Akra lie adjacent to Zion. By no law of language can it be justified, that one part of the historian's description should be followed and another part be left out of view.

3. In connexion with this transfer of the Tyropæon, it has been asserted that there is no ridge north of Zion, and no rise of ground in that quarter. This statement needs correction. The street which runs north in the rear of the Church of the Sepulchre, rises very considerably in that portion of it, although at its southern end is the Greek Church of St. John, beneath which there has been dug out a chapel standing on ground at least twenty-five feet below the present level of the two streets at that point. In the Bazaars the water is conducted off by a sewer running towards the south; and further north, opposite to the Church of the Sepulchre, the main street is carried along a covered passage cut through a ridge of solid rock. Turning down at the south end of this covered passage, along the street leading by Helena's Hospital, so called, we enter on the left the court of the Prussian Consul, and ascend by two flights of steps to his garden and dwelling on the same ridge. Following the same street further down, we find it crossing very obliquely the crest of the descending ridge. From all this, it appears, that there is, on the north of Zion, a rocky ridge, on which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands, and which ends below in a point about in a line between the church and the Mosque. This is the ridge which, with the adjacent tract, according to the description of Josephus, must be regarded as Akra.

That the Tyropæon itself, probably a narrow ravine, should no longer exist in its former depth, is not surprising, when we consider the immense masses of rubbish with which the city is everywhere covered. The excavated chapel, under the Church of St. John, shows how enormous has been the accumulation along the line in question.

4. In connexion with the same transfer of the Tyropæon, have been adduced the channels of living water said to enter the city by the Damascus gate. That a report is current among the native inhabitants, that a trickling

CHOICE AND VALUABLE NEW STANDARD WORKS, FOR LIBRARIES AND PRESENTS,

IMPORTED AND FOR SALE BY

G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place.

The Tenants of the Woods,

With exquisitely colored illustrations of Birds, Flowers, &c. The letter-press is from Whittingham's celebrated press at Chiswick—the capitals are tinted—and altogether the work will be the most attractive of the kind that has yet appeared. In one splendid quarto volume, bound in a novel and elegant style.

Wilkes's United States' Exploring Expedition.

5 vols. and Atlas, 4to., elegantly bound in half Russia, \$70. The same work in 5 vols. royal 8vo. half calf antique, \$20.

Layard's Monuments of Nineveh.

Illustrated by 100 splendid drawings. Large folio, half bound, \$60.

The Alhambra.

Illustrated by a series of richly illuminated drawings by Owen Jones. Large folio, half morocco, \$100.

Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries,

Including numerous original letters, chiefly from Strawberry Hill. Edited by Elliot Warburton, Esq., author of the "Crescent and the Cross." 2 vols. 8vo. with portraits, cloth, \$4 50.

Vestiges of Old London.

A series of Etchings from original drawings, with descriptions and historical notices, by J. Wyckham Archer. Royal 4to. half mor. \$7.

Rose's New General Biographical Dictionary.

12 vols. 8vo. half Russia, \$45. Also a copy half calf, extra.

Robertson's Historical Works.

6 vols. 8vo. half calf, extra, \$25. Also in calf antique.

Hume and Smollett's History of England.

The Standard edition. 10 vols. 8vo. calf extra, \$28.

Gibbon's Decline & Fall of the Roman Empire.

Fine Library edition. 8 vols. 8vo. calf antique, \$28.

Heeren's Historical Works.

6 vols. 8vo. calf extra, \$25. (Choice copy.)

Abbotsford Edition of Waverley Novels,

SPLENDIDLY AND PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

27 vols. royal 8vo. bound in 12 vols. half mor. extra—choice copy.

Milton's Works, Verse and Prose;

Printed from the original edition. With a life of the author, by Rev. John Milford. A fine fac-simile edition. 6 vols. 8vo. calf antique.

Scott's Novels and Tales,

Fine Library edition, with plates. 41 vols. 8vo. half calf, \$118.

Scott's Novels, Poems, and Prose Works.

49 vols. 12mo. New Edinburgh Edition, half calf, \$65.

Turner's Historical Works.

12 vols. 8vo. calf antique, \$60. (Fine copy.)

Plutarch's Lives.

8 vols. small 8vo. calf antique. Gray's (the poet) own copy, with his autograph.

Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays.

Fine Library edition. 12 vols. 8vo. calf antique, \$32 50.

Addison's Works.

Edited by Hurd. 6 vols. 8vo. calf, \$28. (Choice copy.)

Washington Irving's Complete Works.

15 vols. 12mo. mor. antique, \$40; calf antique, \$40; calf extra, \$37; half calf, \$30.

Iconographic Encyclopedia.

6 vols., including Atlas of Engravings. Large 8vo. mor. super. (Choice copy.)

Christians with the Poets,

Splendidly Illustrated with fifty rich Engravings. Mor. super, \$10.

Penny Cyclopaedia and Supplements;

20 vols. in 17 royal 8vo., half Russia, \$65; in cloth, \$40.

Johnston's Physical Atlas;

New edition. Large folio, half mor. gilt, \$50.

American Historical and Literary Curiosities;

Comprising facsimiles of autographs and historical documents of great interest and value. An entirely new edition, enlarged. 4to. half morocco, gilt edges, \$7; folio ed. morocco antique, \$16.

Johnston's National Atlas;

New issue. Large folio, half mor. \$22; gilt, \$24.

Algæ of the Bay of New York.

A choice volume. 4to. mor. gilt, \$100.

Another Volume of Algæ,

Beautifully arranged. 4to. mor. gilt, with clasp, \$50.

Silvestre's Evangelia Slavica.

Colored fac-similes. 4to. mor. antique, \$25.

Royal Gems from the Galleries of Europe;

Splendid Engravings, superbly bound. 2 vols. folio, mor. extra, \$45.

Pictorial History of England.

8 vols. royal 8vo. half Russia, \$38; cloth, \$25.

Home Book of Beauty.

Finely colored Plates. 4to. mor. extra, \$8. Large paper ed. folio, mor. superb, \$15.

Winged Thoughts.

Superbly embellished with gold and silver, \$9.

Home Book of the Picturesque.

Splendidly Illustrated. India proofs, 4to. mor. extra, \$10.

Homes of American Authors.

Splendidly Illustrated. India proofs, vellum or mor. super. clasps, \$12; mor. antiq., \$8; cloth extra gilt, \$6; plain, \$5.

Hood's Choice Works;

Comprising his Prose and Verse, Poems, Whims and Oddities, &c. 4 vols. calf antique, \$9.

Gray's Elegy, Illustrated.

Large paper. 4to. mor. extra, \$24. Extra copy.

Moore's Poetical Works.

With Engravings. Royal 8vo. mor. antique, \$5 50.

Flower Painting in Twelve Lessons,

With illustrations, brilliantly colored Plates. 8vo.

Gems for the Drawing Room,

With unique cover, brilliant illustrations. Folio, \$10.

Poems and Pictures.

Profusely Illustrated. 4to. mor. extra, \$10.

Jameson's Court of Charles II.

Numerous fine Portraits. Royal 8vo. mor. extra, \$13.

Sentiments and Similes of Shakspeare;

A unique volume, printed on vellum and bound in gutta percha, \$6 50.

Lays of the Western World.

Richly Illuminated. 4to. mor. antique.

Shakspeare Ballads, Illustrated.

Rich Illuminations in gold and colors. 4to. mor. antique.

Cooper's Choice Works.

12 vols. calf, extra, \$30.

British Poets.

3 vols. royal 8vo. calf, extra, \$11.

North American Sylva.

By Michaux and Nuttall. 6 vols. mor. extra, \$35.

Irving's Choice Works, Illustrated.

WITH DESIGNS BY DARLEY AND OTHERS;

Comprising The Sketch-Book, Knickerbocker, Alhambra. Square 8vo. each, cloth, \$3 50; extra gilt, \$4; morocco extra, \$6. Goldsmith, cloth, \$2 50; extra gilt, \$3; morocco, \$4.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Beautifully illustrated with 300 engravings, elegantly printed in London, on linen paper. 8vo. gilt extra, \$4; morocco extra, \$6.

Choice Assortment of Bibles, Common Prayers, &c.

In various sizes and styles; together with all the

New Annuals, &c.